

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

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THE CITY OF THE SOUL

By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

This volume was issued anonymously in May, 1899. The first edition of 500 was exhausted within a few months of publication, and a second edition of 500 was issued in December, 1899.

Owing to the failure of the Publisher the book has been unobtainable for several years. Of the second edition only a few copies now remain. They are offered for sale at the original published price, 5s. net, by Messrs. BICKERS & SON, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, from whom alone they can be obtained.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW
"Delicate imagination and sense of words are not the only qualities that entitle 'The City of the Soul' to peculiar distinction. The writer adds to these a technical judgment no less completely at home with the ballad than with the lyrical or sonnet form. As a critic of verse, this would be exhaustive praise. But these pieces contain just that element of passion which transforms skilful verse into fine poetry. . . . The ballad soliloquy 'Perkin Warbeck' is extraordinarily good. . . . Among the rest of the poems are two translations from 'Les Fleurs du Mai.' In daintiness of expression, often married to exotic sentiment, the translator himself has no slight affinity with Baudelaire. The book is full of things which tempt one to linger."

THE STANDARD

"The verses have a character of their own, and are at times quite exquisite in point of workmanship . . . this accomplished and skilful hand."

THE TIMES

"He is by turns aesthetic and introspective, and is at his best in his ballads, especially the ballad of 'St. Vitus,' almost every stanza of which is a Pre-Raphaelite picture."

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

"These are the verses of a poet. The volume is small, but it would be most unjust to call it the production of a minor bard. . . . It is a work of a remarkably high order. The author has achieved great distinction in his sonnets. . . . Indeed, all through the book one comes upon lines which are astonishing in their beauty and their distinction . . . a poet who proves himself capable of the very highest work. There can be no doubt as to the fate of these poems."

"A PARISIAN" IN THE "ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE"

"These poems, 'The City of the Soul,' by an anonymous author, were known in part to the Parisian public before they were printed in England, for some of the best among them—and the volume, it seems to me, is a treasure-house of gems—first appeared in the 'Revue Blanche,' with the accompaniment of a French translation. That is some three years ago, and the great masters of French poetry, chief among them the late Stephen Mallarmé, were not slow to applaud."

"The remarkable success which I hear the book has since had in England does credit I think, to the judgment of our French critics, which is often singularly just in its estimate of English poetry, especially if it belongs to the Elizabethan period of our literature or be animated by the Elizabethan 'souffle' . . . and surely it is this 'souffle,' a pure invigorating wind from heaven which blows and whispers and weeps in this new poet's verses . . . The two translations from Baudelaire are as perfect in form and in the repetition of the 'frisson' of the original verse as Baudelaire's own translations from Poe and Longfellow. It is a pleasure to find so complete, so temperamental a sympathy between a great French and great English poet."

THE LATE MR. FRANCIS THOMPSON IN "THE ACADEMY"

"He has a rich sense of language, a true gift of mellifluous versification. Few poems are without cunning and iridescent diction; and all have a rich, youthful passion for beauty which is in itself an inspiration. . . . No poem at once complete and brief enough for quotation will exhibit altogether the glow of his diction, the luxuriance of his fancy, and the melodious quality of his verse."

MR. GEORGE STREET IN THE "PALL-MALL MAGAZINE"

"In my case, I reckon but very few of the contemporary writers of verse known to me as poets—how few I should hardly like to say. Among them I place without hesitation the anonymous author of the 'City of the Soul.' . . . This inspiration I take to be first of all the beauty of visible things freshly impressive on the senses. It is as though a child said 'Look, how beautiful!' but a child able to see minutely and variously. . . . and the power to see beautiful things and to express them beautifully is so rare, that one is justified [taking my view of it] in thinking the appearance of this little book a most fortunate event."

THE SCOTSMAN

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE most satisfactory feature of the Haggerston election was the complete discomfiture of the Socialist candidate. As we have pointed out before, the Socialists, like the Suffragettes, have an unbounded confidence in the possibilities of bluff. They seem to imagine that by continually shouting loudly on all possible occasions they can produce the impression that their movement or movements are carrying all before them, and that they can actually influence the course of events. We suppose that this is on the principle "What I tell you three times is true." Fortunately, however, what the Socialists and Suffragettes have told us *ad nauseam* at least 999 times is entirely untrue, and will continue to remain so. Socialism in this country reached its high-water mark two or three years ago, and this disreputable movement has been steadily declining ever since. Two and two continue to make four in spite of the vociferous yells on the part of those who maintain that they make five.

The least satisfactory aspect of the Haggerston election was the fact that four clergymen of the Church of England lent their support to the Socialist candidate. We have no hesitation in saying that these people ought to be heartily ashamed of themselves. We have constantly in these columns protested against the misuse of the Nonconformist pulpit for political purposes. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and these misguided clergymen should be made to understand that by adopting the tactics which they have adopted, they are lowering the position of the Church of England and demonstrating their disloyalty to its principles and its dogmas. No clergyman has a right to be a Socialist, and if his mind is so unfortunately constituted that he feels irresistibly drawn towards Socialistic theories he ought, if he is an honest man, to resign his position as minister of the Church. The theory that Christianity is compatible with Socialism is one which can only be entertained by men who are sunk in materialism and who have utterly failed to grasp the spiritual nature of the teaching of the Gospels. Christianity teaches the duty of charity and of giving alms to the poor—that is to say, it recognises the principle of property; for how is it possible to give alms unless the existence of individual property is admitted? Socialism proposes to pass laws which ultimately depend for their execution upon armed force, whereby the property of individuals may be, against their

will, taken from them. In other words, it proposes to set up a system of legalised theft.

The whole theory of Socialism is repugnant to Christianity. The vast majority of Socialists readily admit this, and it is part of their creed to declare that Christianity is a lie and an outworn convention fostered by capitalists and the rich generally in order to enslave the poor. This is the current cant of Socialism. It is cant, and nauseous cant, but at any rate it is more or less frank; but for a clergyman of the Church of England to lend his name and influence to the propagation of such crude and fatuous claptrap is both dishonest and dangerous. How is it possible for a clergyman who calls himself a Socialist, and who attends public meetings in support of Socialism, to square his views with loyalty to the Prayer-book? For instance, how can he conscientiously teach a child his Catechism? or how can he conscientiously repeat the prayers for the preservation of the Royal Family? and where in the New Testament does he find authority for his theory that the Eighth Commandment has been superseded by the teaching of Christ? We are perfectly well aware that the clergymen of the Church of England who lend themselves to these practices are for the most part men of the most amiable character and pious life, and we are quite ready to admit that they are more sinned against than sinning; but for all that the harm they do is enormous, and not the least of the harm done arises from the fact that they alienate those members of their congregations who rightly object to the obtrusion of party politics into the public life of Christian ministers.

If they are unable to enlighten their minds and to free themselves from the influence of the eighth-rate cant of the political Socialist, let them at any rate keep their folly to themselves and their own families. They have no more right to indulge in Socialistic propaganda than a doctor has to advocate compulsory suicide for all people over sixty years of age. Any doctor holding such views would be admitted on all sides to be unfit to continue in the practice of his profession, and while he would be at liberty as a private individual to propagate his mischievous views, he would not be allowed to do so under the *egis* of the dignity of an honourable profession. If the Bishops of the Church of England who now devote so much of their time to such follies as midnight marches and speeches in favour of the Licensing Bill were to turn their attention to the vagaries of vicars and curates, they would be doing a service to the Church and to the community at large.

Turning to other spheres, the tyranny of Socialism and its kindred manias such as Suffragitis is rapidly becoming unbearable, and the time has come seriously to consider whether in self-defence some sort of steps should not be taken to prevent the annoyance. It is hardly possible to meet a man who writes books or dabbles in journalism who does not openly admit that he is a Socialist, a male Suffragette, and an atheist. The mere fact that a person is afflicted with these three mental disabilities would not in itself be of any importance provided that he would keep them to himself, but your typical "literary" Socialist, who on the strength of having written a volume or two of second-rate essays and a third-rate novel or so supposes himself to be a "man of letters," is not content with possessing these views or even with expressing them. He is positively aggressive and given to indulging open resentment and scorn if any one ventures to hint that there might be something after all in Christianity and that it is possible for a perfectly intelligent man to "fear God and honour the King" (in a quite impersonal sense).

He will express pain, surprise, and amazement at such extraordinary views, or alternatively he will affect not to take them seriously. In short, he is becoming a tiresome and dangerous bore, and, inflated by the toleration which has been extended to him by Society (with a capital S), he

is beginning to think that his particular views are "quite the thing," and to mistake the amused wonder which he excites for admiration and acquiescence. We question whether the time is not now rapidly approaching when it will be necessary for all sane and orthodox people to inquire of any new person that may be brought to their notice, "Are you a Socialist or an Atheist?" and in the event of an answer being given in the affirmative to express extreme regret at being unable to go any further with the acquaintance. It is generally taken for granted in good society of any kind, from the highest to the lowest, that a person who is introduced into that society is not a burglar or a murderer or a practical disciple of the school of free love. The convention is that Mr. A, who has just been introduced into one's society by a friend, does not belong to any of these "advanced schools of thought." But in these enlightened, progressive times things have changed, and it behoves those who have not lost their hold on the elementary decencies of life (the vast majority, by the way) to begin to draw the line somewhere. We suggest that they should draw it at Socialists, Atheists, and male Suffragettes.

This is an ugly sentence :

But now we see that fleets of submarines can travel at rapid speed non-stop runs of over five hundred miles.

This is an ungrammatical sentence :

Every warship and destroyer in the British Navy is now fitted with wireless apparatus.

It is not usual to speak of a fleet as if it were a person :

In the past the opposing fleet could often lie secure. The submarine will now make it almost impossible for him to avoid the fight.

But the crown of bad and ugly English is attained in the following phrase :

The strong Navy will control the ocean like the policeman does Piccadilly.

These examples of thoroughly careless and slipshod writing are gathered from a column and a half of matter in a daily paper. It is hardly necessary to add that the paper in question is the *Daily Mail*. There is no reason why a specialist should not write decent English; but the blame does not so much attach to "Nauticus II." as to the management of the paper. We understand that the resources of the Harmsworth establishment are considerable, and if specialists in naval affairs are to be employed, it would evidently be advisable to engage the services of a specialist in the English language.

It appears that the editor of the *Book Monthly* has been inquiring as to the popularity of reprints. One does not quite relish the idea of a great classic being brought down to the level of the "best seller." Yet such is the degeneracy of the age that we suppose even the classic must not be spared the commercial test. And fortunately the classic comes out of the ordeal with flying colours. The "best sellers" in the well-known "Everyman" series, for example, have been Dante's "Divine Comedy," Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," Shakespeare in three volumes, Tennyson and Browning, the "Everyman" edition of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," Emerson's Essays, and the Essays of Matthew Arnold. We consider that such a condition of affairs is most satisfactory, and it confirms us in the opinion that the public taste is not half so black as the cynics and the commercialists have endeavoured to paint it. With Chaucer, Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Browning, not to mention the "Divine Comedy," in the way of poetry, and with Emerson and Arnold in the way of prose no man can be considered without a library. On such reading one could readily adventure into the "desert island" so beloved of the people who are always inquiring which books are sufficient for one to live with. The person whose sole reading was confined to these authors, with the Bible thrown in, would never be short of proper refreshment for the mind and

spirit. It rejoices us to think that the shilling public is buying such books in quantity.

We note that *The New Age* has begun to describe itself as "a weekly review of politics, literature, and art." The fact that it is a Socialist publication is probably not worth announcing. Its politics are the politics of that extraordinary politician Mr. H. G. Wells. Its literature means apparently the incomparable writings of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, and its art would seem to be concerned with Free Marriage and the election addresses of Socialist Candidates for Parliament. The editor of this sheaf of noble writing is a Mr. A. R. Orage, and his chief contributor is Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M.P., who contributes also to the *Morning Post*. Mr. Orage is an editor with a fine mind. Next to an advertisement of the "One and All Sickness and Accident Association" he prints a letter from a Mr. Max Hirsch who complains that Mr. H. G. Wells has called him "an Australian Jew." Mr. Orage pours oil into the Jew's wounds by remarking: "There is no greater race in the world than the Jews, and no more hopeful land than Australia." While everybody will admire Mr. Orage's intention, nobody in his senses can agree with him either as to the Jews or as to Australia. In point of fact the Jews are not a great race at all, and Australia is not a hopeful land. Both the Jewish race and the land of Australia are far too horribly infected with Socialism to be either great or hopeful. Judging from the manner in which he slings together *The New Age*, we might almost imagine that Mr. Orage is an Australian Jew himself. One infers from the general sense of the politics, literature, and art served up in *The New Age* that the various sections of Socialists are wholly given over to the cutting of each other's throats. No single Socialist of light and leading appears to agree with any other single Socialist of light and leading; the result being that Mr. Orage has to preside, with what skill he may, over a "review" which seems to be little better than a bear-garden. We observe in the middle of the sheet a one-line notice of a book entitled "Will Money be Needed under Socialism?" Mr. Orage does not appear to have wits enough to answer this profound query. It must be obvious to the simplest intellect, however, that when money ceases to be needed there will be no Socialism.

There are few things so terrible and so heart-breaking to contemplate as the destruction by fire of an ancient and noble building. A really beautiful house is one of the greatest monuments of the art of man, touched with something of divinity. In this respect, how fortunate is the artist who works in words compared with the artist who works in stone. Fire cannot destroy a sonnet, but it can turn a glorious cathedral into a heap of ashes, and devour the beauty of a great and comely dwelling-house. These reflections are called forth by the news of the destruction by fire of Burley-on-the-Hill, one of the stateliest and most beautiful country houses in England. One can almost find it in one's heart to be glad that its late owner, Mr. George Finch, M.P. for Rutland, "the father of the House of Commons," did not live to see the destruction of his beautiful home.

The present age is profoundly humanitarian. As somebody has pointed out, advertisements of quack medicines may not please the eye of the traveller, but they are distinctly to be preferred to the spectacle of criminals hanging in chains. Our motto in a word is *Excelsior*, and the vile Latin of such a motto is in itself a testimony to the liberality of our sentiments. Mr. Bernard Shaw has shown in the columns of *THE ACADEMY* that he has the heartiest contempt for a pedantic and servile obedience to the laws of English syntax, so we may surely shout bad Latin with a free conscience. But to return to our humanitarian progress. The following is high evidence of it, the authority is the New York correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. It is unnecessary to trouble our readers with the whole story;

it is sufficient to say that a negro was in gaol at a place called Grenville, U.S.A.:

The news that the negro was in prison soon leaked out on Tuesday, and by eight in the morning quite six thousand people gathered outside the gates. The officers tried their best to save the prisoner's life, and two local magistrates delivered speeches promising that the negro would be tried, and that if convicted he would be executed before dusk. But this did not satisfy the crowd. They demanded that the sheriff should send the negro to the girl's home to see if she could identify him. A dozen officers started out with Smith and arrived at Delaney's house, where the girl established her assailant's identity. Upon the return, and at the prison doors, the crowd pressed forward, overpowered the officers, captured the negro, and bore him away in triumph. They threw a rope round his neck and began to drag him towards the public square. Then they tied him to a stake, piled cordwood round him, saturated both with kerosene oil, and set light to the pile. The flames shot up several yards, and, amid shouts of joy from men, women, and children, Smith uttered screams of agony until death silenced him. After less than ten minutes only a few charred bones remained.

It is universally admitted, we believe, that the United States of America are in the van of modern progress, and more especially in the van of humanitarian progress. It is worth remembering in this connection that Robespierre, *qui était toujours très aimable*, according to an old acquaintance who survived him, resigned an early legal appointment because he was opposed on principle to capital punishment. According to a great modern poet it was sheer love of humanity that urged Carrier to drown whole batches of defenceless people in the Loire; and everybody knows that the Pilgrim Fathers, who cut off the ears of the Quakers before hanging them, were actuated in doing so by a love of liberty and toleration and by a dislike for extraordinary punishments. And yet there are people who speak of Torquemada, who protested that he burned the body that the soul might be saved, as a kind of monster. He was clearly a humanitarian of the most modern type. But, while we think of Grenville, we should remember that a great wave of "temperance" has recently passed over the Southern States; of "temperance" and of the strictest morality also. It is Georgia, we believe, that proposes to make marriage dissoluble on the ground of ante-nuptial use of cosmetics. It must be very pleasant to be free from mediæval superstitions, and to be really good.

And while we are discussing these high and noble ideals and their results we cannot help saying that we are sorry to see that such a paper as the *Christian Commonwealth* is unable to carry on its propaganda without the aid of advertisements of preparations usually styled "quack." Of course, Blank's Pills, Dr. Dash's Cure for Consumption, Chose's Elixir, and Otherman's Specific for Chronic Rheumatism may be capital things in their way, and the *Christian Commonwealth* has very possibly a message to deliver in the sphere of the New Medicine as well as in that of the New Theology—indeed, there are points of resemblance between the two sciences. But the *Christian Commonwealth*, which is more or less committed to Socialistic principles, cannot have perceived the profoundly anti-social nature of all quack—or, to be more polite, proprietary—enterprise. The orthodox medical man, having made a valuable discovery, gives it freely to the whole world. The charlatan (or owner of a secret medicine) puts something up in a bottle and charges anything for it, from 1s. 1½d. to £5. If the contents of the bottle are valueless or noxious, the man is a scoundrel; if they are valuable, he is still a scoundrel, according to the principles of the *Christian Commonwealth*, since he makes a private fortune out of something which should be the property of all.

We regret that our footnote answering Mr. J. B. Wallis's inquiry in our last issue was inadvertently omitted. The history of Jotham, the youngest son of Jerubbaal (Gideon), and his parable of the trees is told in the ninth chapter of Judges. The parable has been frequently quoted as the completest example of fiction, assigned to so early a date.

THE POOL OF HYLAS

RORATE COELI DESUPER

Pass it not, wanderer, by; it was a spell
For stealing grace from all things visible
To fill its low-browed circle. Like cast seed
Green wafers jewelled with a ruddy grain
Lie thick on its transparent isles of reed,
And on its even-tinted duckweed plain.

The unbroken rushes on the slippery brink
Are of the lazy herds that dip and drink
Inviolat; and o'er its lip there pass
Naught but the uncrumpling parsley's essences
The balm of damp, and of the swimming grass
And shadowy places bound about with trees.

In such a pool, in such a hollow, set
With maidenhair, and clots of parsley wet,
And swallow-wort, and deer-grass spreading fair
In marsh flower on the reed-encrusted shore
The head of Hylas with the braided hair
Sank in the water, like a meteor.

M. JOURDAIN.

REVIEWS

JANE

"The Works of Jane Austen." In Ten Vols. Edited by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. Illustrated by A. WALLIS MILLS. *Pride and Prejudice*, Two Vols. *Sense and Sensibility*, Two Vols. (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d. net per Vol.)

THAT such a handsome and desirable new edition of the novels of Jane Austen should be issued now is witness to the vitality of her charm and the enterprise of the publishers. Of the ten volumes in which the novels will be comprised, four have reached us. They are unusually well printed, and have the timely convenience of going easily into the corners of our bag. The chief feature of this edition, however, is the series of coloured illustrations by Mr. Wallis Mills, many of which are admirably conceived and well reproduced. It was, in fact, a happy thought of Messrs. Chatto and Windus to secure for their reprint such a pleasant additament as these not misnamed "illustrations."

And the author is indeed worthy of the finest tributes of print and brush. Mr. Austin Dobson may, if he please, call her Miss Austen, but for us she is simply Jane. Not that we would, for the least division of a moment, appear to fail in respectful devotion to her; but we can no more find it in our heart to call her severely Miss Austen than we could call "Elia" Mr. Lamb or the "Citizen of the World" Mr. Goldsmith. And be it observed that it is a matter of the heart. This quiet, secluded immortal, who wrote to perfection when she was scarce well out of her teens, who forbore to stir deep waters, who was never "profound," passionate, dreadful, but kept a kind of "dry light" in all her books—her we yet hold in a regard peculiarly intimate and affectionate. It is part of her praise that she struck admiration from men so different as Scott and Macaulay. The good Sir Walter declares her to be inimitable. "There is a truth of painting in her writings which always delights me." The amazing Macaulay writes: "If I could get materials, I really would write a short Life of that wonderful woman." It is something to win Scott's praise; it is something sufficient in the way of contemporary honour to be acknowledged in terms of such right and hearty understanding by the master of romance. And though it is

incredible that many of our present-day lady-novelists should read her with anything approaching a right and hearty understanding, she may well be content with the appreciation of the male critic. Her successors may only be aware of her "deficiencies," but those who are really capable of a due appreciation of her work will consider it as singularly sane, sound, and complete. She was an accomplished artist. In its essential excellence her work is indeed incomparable with that of any other woman writer. She, almost alone, has the amenity, the real sweetness of heart, revealed in the work of that great later master-spirit of fiction, Turgenev. Dealing as she does with people infinitely alien in character and circumstance from those of the Russian novelist, there is yet a point of resemblance in the writings of both. Each has an unusual gift of observation, the English novelist's being as delicate and tender as the Russian's is keen and deep. This is a gift, we know, regarded by many as of secondary excellence, imagination being the all-engrossing, all-sufficing quality acclaimed in novelists of hugest popularity. But in her capacity for observation Jane Austen is at one with Fielding and Thackeray, with Dickens and George Eliot. Detail is never confusing in her work, as it is apt to become in the writings of that passionate lover of the minute, Balzac. Those who are content only with bold, imaginative flights do not care for Jane Austen; and we do not see how they can care much for those other great novelists whom we have just named. It is to their power of observation, to this sure and subtle insight—far more than to any vaguely "imaginative" faculty, with which indeed only the supremest artists are gifted—that the enduring part of their work is chiefly to be attributed. In the case of Jane Austen, to come a little more closely to the subject, her powers are applied to the *minutiae* of manners and the just distinction of character; one after another stands clear and precise, with a crepuscular vividness that is never astonishing or painful, never harsh or violent. She brings you acquainted with every inhabitant of the parish. Fathers and children, uncles and aunts, cousins and lovers, parsons, captains, braggarts, nannies, prigs, spoiled girls and vain boys, "rattles," libertines, and a plenitude of gossips—all the characters inevitable in a parochial survey she has drawn to the life. You might (if luck were but granted!) step into their circle and be one of them immediately: perfectly acquainted, recognising them at a look—as the Bennets, the Steeles, the Morlands, Darcys, Willoughbys, Wickhams, Jennings—and join in their gentle buzz of conversation. Quietly in a corner, at her needle, or hearing gossip, or merely idle and contentedly observant, sits a girl whom you know is the heroine of the chattering crowd—it is Elizabeth Bennet, it is Emma Woodhouse, Catherine Morland, Fanny Price, Elinor Dashwood—it is Jane herself! The whole scene has at once a certain twilight familiarity and twilight strangeness, a suggestion (no more) of formality, a hint of the wires; but she outlives the strangeness and grows increasingly familiar. She is what the others call a "quiz," loved by some women and all men. All these, Elizabeth, Emma, and so on, are but "imaginary portraits" of the accomplished observer, the artist who carries her art so lightly. For to say, as we have almost said, that she has no imagination is inaccurate; hers is that quiescent, unconscious imagination which every artist reveals, who portrays himself in his finest "creations," projecting his own personality into the conflict of imaginary circumstances, and living his life again as in a vision.

Not less noticeable than her power of observation is the fine quality of her humour. It is a humour that is never bitter yet never facile; it probes without burning; there is sharpness without corrosiveness. It is of that rare and delightful kind, ironic humour—the kind that Mr. Meredith had chiefly in view in his luminous "Essay on Comedy." Such a faculty of ironic humour is commonly the fruit of many years of watchful tolerance of the world, the expression of an attitude, a philosophy—achieved only with difficulty—of wise and sad indifference tinged with contempt. Not thus was hers won. Jane Austen's humour was

temperamental, "a natal gift." Why it is that this peculiar power should be so rarely a woman's excellence we cannot pretend to say; it is inexplicable, save by the general assertion of the rarity of all the most covetable gifts. It is very true, of course, that George Eliot, to name another woman-writer, was capable of humorous conceptions; but with the single concentrated specimen of Mrs. Poyser away (capital though that specimen is), it would be hard to discover a very profound humorous capacity in the work of her somewhat laborious genius. But Jane Austen's quiet and pleasant irony is diffused over all her work; and it is this that creates the effect of "dry light" already remarked. Most famous, perhaps, is that delightful, consistent, revealing dialogue of Mr. and Mrs. John Dashwood in "Sense and Sensibility" upon the conscientious evasion of an obligation and a promise—which is, moreover, a piece of psychology exact and true. Or take a novel such as "Northanger Abbey," the whole of it an exquisite satire upon the swollen effigy of romance into which the long-forgotten Mrs. Radcliffe puffed such a prodigious breath. "Northanger Abbey" contains an abundance of that never-unkindly acuteness of phrase which is the delight of the author's little army of admirers:

Their joy on this meeting was very great, as well it might be, since they had been contented to know nothing of each other for the last fifteen years.

Consider this candid utterance of a boorish dunderhead with a passion for sport and lies:

Give me but a little cheerful company, let me only have the company of the people I love, let me only be where I like and with whom I like, and the devil take the rest say I.

And this agreeable inversion:

Your mind is warped by an innate principle of general integrity and therefore not accessible to the cool reasonings of family partiality, or a desire of revenge.

Or the grave Johnsonese of the closing sentences:

To begin perfect happiness at the respective ages of twenty-six and eighteen is to do pretty well; and professing myself, moreover, convinced that the General's unjust interference, so far from being really injurious to their felicity, was, perhaps, rather conducive to it by improving their knowledge of each other, and adding strength to their attachment, I leave it to be settled by whomsoever it may concern whether the tendency of this work be altogether to recommend parental tyranny, or reward filial disobedience.

Or turn to "Sense and Sensibility," the first-published novel, founded upon an early essay in the Richardson way. We have already referred to Mr. and Mrs. John Dashwood, the latter "a strong caricature of the former." Mark the excellent drawing of Marianne, who complains of the lack of artistic taste in her sister's lover. "He admires as a lover, not as a connoisseur. To satisfy me those characters must be united." We who have passed the summer of five-and-thirty must feel keenly the case of Colonel Brandon, who at that venerable age, in the eyes of Marianne, "must needs have long outlived every sensation of love. It is too ridiculous! When is a man to be safe from such wit, if age and infirmity [at five-and-thirty!] will not protect him?" Consider the irony in the subsequent happy marriage of this derided dotard with the same delicious Marianne, who at seventeen had declared:

At my time of life opinions are tolerably fixed. It is not likely that I should now see or hear anything to change them.

Or . . . or . . . or . . . Every one will be able to match these with examples from the other novels of humour as instinctive, sharp, and kindly. Seldom is the author so severe as in that grave inquiry of Mr. Bennet's:

May I ask whether these pleasing attentions proceed from the impulse of the moment, or are the result of previous study?

There is no need to repeat the ineffable Rev. Mr. Collins's reply.

There remains her style—clear, restrained, equable. She has never, perhaps, been properly appreciated for her fine literary sense. It is prose of a thoroughly sound tradition. You may detect the Johnsonian rhythm, and you may

acknowledge that his influence on prose was by no means all bad. Save for an occasional word which time has let fall into desuetude, save for an occasional unusual construction, save for a uniform carefulness and the least hint of sedateness, you might fancy you were reading the work of Miss A. B. C., whose thirteenth astonishing novel is selling so extraordinarily well. Jane Austen had no delusions about style, no hierarchic sense of mystery in her use of language. The good sense revealed in her treatment of character is evinced also in her wisely simple and uncumbrous style. Consider her aims, her matter, her habit of mind, and you will see that her style is, in one word, competent.

She lives by pleasing. She never astonishes, never repels, never perplexes, never shocks. We can very well understand the author of "Jane Eyre" or "Wuthering Heights" (books so easily misapprehended) being canonised by the strenuous writers of "problem" novels, who are never so happy as when in revolt against something. But Jane Austen never revolts: she accepts. And let it not be said that her spirit of acceptance is due simply to an absence of that provocation of circumstance which was responsible for something of the tense attitude of the Brontës. She was, indeed, as has been happily remarked, a quietist. Cleverness is far from her—for did not genius guide her pen?

She can be as wise as we
And wiser when she pleases.

No novelist is less pretentious, less self-conscious; restraint and lucidity—rare qualities!—are conspicuous in her every chapter. The devil's advocate might say much in his brilliant, unsteady fashion of her lack of ideals, of her middle-class satisfaction, of her unenlightened tolerance, of the absence of "purpose" and zeal. He might insist, too, on the absence of passion, nobility, and the heroics. For answer we need but turn to the happy delight of her novels who was content to know her own limitations and to move with perfect ease and security within them—not without a certain mild radiance and steady, wise cheerfulness. Reading her thus for pure pleasure, you will come to discern another point of contact with the great Turgenev—her almost absolute flawlessness.

LAW AND JUSTICE

The Trial and Crucifixion of Jesus Christ of Nazareth. By
M. BRODRICK. (Murray, 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. BRODRICK's book revives an old controversy. In 1828 Joseph Salvador, a learned Spanish Jew domiciled in Paris, published his "Histoire des Institutions de Moïse," in the course of which he discussed shortly the legality of the trial of Christ. He was vigorously attacked by French Christian jurists, but mainly, as has been admitted since, on grounds of abstract justice. It was therefore without much reference to his opponents that he reaffirmed his position in the third edition of his work, published in 1862, and now usually quoted. In 1889 Dr. Alexander Taylor Innes published his short book, "The Trial of Jesus Christ," as a legal criticism of Salvador's position. Mr. Brodrick's indisposition and absence, before the appearance of his own book, no doubt prevented his referring to Dr. Innes more specifically than he has done, for he adds very little to the summing up of that eminent lawyer. Dr. Innes may therefore be considered to represent Mr. Brodrick and the Christian view, and Salvador the Jewish view. Both authors approach the subject in a judicial spirit; accept the Gospel narratives as a statement of fact, at the least convenient for reference; and base their legal arguments on the Mishna.

It must be remembered that the Mishna is the most exclusively legal section of the vast mass of writings called the Talmud, which has itself been described as a *corpus juris*. The compilation in writing was not indeed commenced before 200 A.D., but the force of tradition has always been so strong among the Jews, that the Mishna is freely quoted by them as representing the system of law in force,

at any rate theoretically, at the time of Christ; and the maxims referred to in this controversy are accepted as embodying the essence of the Law proper (that of Moses) thus *repeated*. Of that essence was a jealous protection of the accused in capital cases, far more humane and favourable to the individual than anything known in European jurisprudence, as is indicated by such passages as the following. Salvador states:

Toute la procédure criminelle de Moïse repose sur quatre règles qui se réduisent à ces mots, information rigoureuse, publicité des débats, liberté laissée à l'accusé, garantie contre le danger du témoignage.

In the treatise *Mabahoth* of the Mishna is the saying of Eleazar, son of Azarias:

The Sanhedrim, which so often as once in seven years condemns a man to death, is a slaughter-house.

And again in the Mishna (De Synedriis, vi. 5), are these sayings of the Rabbi Meir:

What doth God say (if one may speak of God after the manner of men) when a malefactor suffers the anguish due to his crime? He says: "My head and My limbs are pained." And if He so speaks of the suffering even of the guilty, what must He utter when the righteous is condemned?

Dr. Innes's main objections to the legality of the Jewish trial fall under four heads:

1. The trial was begun after dark, was resumed during the night, and had been already concluded "early" on the following morning (John xviii. 3 to 28); whereas the Mishna states (De Synedriis, iv. 1) that capital trials

Are commenced only in the daytime, and must also be concluded during the day . . . they must be postponed to a second day if there is to be a condemnation.

And the Gemara describes as *nefas* the anticipation of the day of death; the Jewish day of course began at sunset.

2. Witnesses against the accused were *sought* by the Judges, and when they were found, their evidence could not be accepted because "their witness did not agree together." (Mark xiv. 55, 56.) The necessity for corroborative evidence is stated in many familiar passages in the Law of Moses, but Dr. Innes's and Mr. Brodrick's statement that the witnesses must offer their evidence voluntarily, though in full accord with the spirit of the Mishna, is unfortunately not corroborated by any reference. Dr. Innes, however, is justified by the concurrent testimony of Salvador in stating that the evidence alone constituted the charge, and he cites the early trial of Naboth as an example.

3. The process was continued by unauthorised interrogatories, and ended with a demand for confession which was expressly forbidden (cf. John xviii. 19 and Matthew xxvi. 63); while Bartenora states: "It is a fundamental principle with us that no one can damage himself by what he says in judgment;" and Maimonides adds: "Our law condemns no one to death on his own confession."

4. Christ was convicted of "blasphemy" (Matthew xxvi. 65, etc.), but the Mishna declares (De Synedriis, vii. 5, 6, 11) that "no man is held a blasphemer unless he hath uttered the Name"—that is, the ineffable Name of God. This, as will be seen by reference to the Gospels, was not uttered by Christ at His trial.

Dr. Innes scarcely represents with his usual fairness Salvador's limitations in accepting the Gospels as a statement of the facts. Salvador only accepts them as the sole statement now available, and expressly demurs to certain details as incredible—for instance, St. John's description of the Sanhedrim buffeting and spitting upon a convicted prisoner. It is just to Salvador to point out also that, while his remarks on the trial occupy but eleven of his thousand pages, there are very few passages quoted by the Christian controversialists against the legality of the trial which are not to be found in his book. On the other hand, Dr. Innes is justified in accusing him in one instance of inventing facts. In relating the reassembling of the Council during the morning following the arrest, "dans la matinée du lendemain," Salvador adds, without giving any reasons for suggesting an alternative, "ou du surlendemain,"

thus cunningly raising a doubt favourable to his own case. Otherwise his remarks are fair enough; they are, in fact, rather a statement of view than in the form of argument. He professes sympathy with the trend of Christ's moral doctrine, and may do so sincerely, on the ground of its being akin to Gamaliel's. Indeed there is no reason why a discussion which is purely historical should be complicated by racial or religious feeling. The justice of Jewish law and procedure does not depend on the conduct of the family of Annas, and no fiercer denunciation has been made of that family by Christians than the curse quoted by Mr. Brodrick from the Talmud, "Woe to the house of Annas, woe to their serpent hissing!" Much less can the adoring attitude of Christians towards the temporal mission of God the Son be affected by any question whether it was permissible by Jewish and Roman law or no. The question for them is merely one of the history of those ancient economies—how far they were in conformity with the Divine Economy at the period under discussion.

In common with most modern Jewish writers, Salvador does not maintain that the condemnation of Christ was obligatory on the Council, but that it was not illegal and was probably expedient. He considers that the dangerous state of Palestine—described by Mr. Brodrick as "on the verge of a religious revolt"—justified exceptional measures as conformable to the strict Law as circumstances allowed. Instances of such modification of the Law in the spirit of the Law, some of which Salvador cites, may be found in the slaying of a Simeonite by Phinehas (Numbers xxv. 7), and later of an idolatrous Jew by Mattathias (Maccabees ii. 24); and in the feeding of David with the shew-bread (1 Samuel xxi. 6). Salvador essays to show that this principle was carried out, by premonitions made to Christ first in private, and then before witnesses, previous to the summons to the Council. He approves in fact of the principle of Caiaphas, "It is expedient that one man should die for the people." It is curious that so acute a writer does not perceive that this infamous maxim goes far to justify the cruel severities practised upon his own Israel by the peoples among whom they have sojourned. It has always been used by authorities, both Jewish and Gentile, to justify any measures whatever tending to their own advantage. In reference to the trial before Pontius Pilate, Dr. Innes quotes with suppressed disapproval the following remarks of the late Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, which are but an echo of the infamy of Caiaphas in a modern key:

Pilate's duty was to maintain peace and order in Judæa, and to maintain the Roman power. It is surely impossible to contend seriously that it was his duty, or that it could be the duty of any one in his position, to recognise in the person brought to his judgment-seat, I do not say God Incarnate, but the teacher and preacher of a higher form of morals and a more enduring form of social order than that of which he was himself the representative. To a man in Pilate's position the morals and the social order which he represents are for all practical purposes absolute standards.

Such reasoning may well account for the inaction of Gallio, but it cannot excuse the action of Pilate, and much less that of Caiaphas, to the minds of those—whatever be their religion—who prefer the law of the human conscience to the law of the State. These demand in a magistrate, not only an official honest in administering the law, but a human being fearless in breaking it in the cause of Justice. No body of jurists give more illustrious examples of this greatness of soul than are to be found among Jewish Rabbis, though their skill in dialectics often enabled them to transform the Law rather than to break it with violence.

From the foregoing recapitulation it will be seen that Dr. Innes and Mr. Brodrick point out serious breaches of the Law as stated by Salvador himself, and that Salvador justifies them at least to those who, like the late Sir James Stephen, accept the doctrine of Caiaphas. The real historical question depends on how far the humane principles, frequently enunciated in the Talmud, actually represent Jewish practice at *any* period, for at most periods of Jewish history they appear to have had extremely little effect upon it. But it is ill arguing with Jews on the

subject of the Talmud, since those writings carry so far the method of enunciating truth by contradiction, that it is difficult to find any proposition which could not be both corroborated and confuted by quotations from the Talmud of equal authority. We would not deny that the humane maxims in the Talmud may be true flowers of the Mosaic root, but they are more germane in appearance to Neoplatonism and Christianity, and many of them appear late enough to admit of the counter-influence of those philosophies.

It is a pity that Dr. Innes and Mr. Brodrick are reticent on a point on which Salvador has written explicitly—namely, on that doctrine of Christ, which rendered the execution of Caiaphas's design possible, by alienating from Him so many of His supporters; even if it was not included in the charge of blasphemy on which He was convicted. Salvador points out, that when Christ applied to Himself the term "the Son of God," He caused His hearers no offence, since it was not uncommonly applied to distinguished Rabbis. But when He said, "I came down from heaven" (John vi. 38, etc.), the Jews murmured, and when He said "Before Abraham was, I am" (John viii. 58) and "I and My Father are One" they began to stone Him because, being a man, He made Himself God (John x. 33). It was this stumbling-block to the Jews and to those Christians of later date who avoid the doctrine of the Incarnation, which to the judicious mind of Salvador proved the practical threshold to Calvary.

Of the Roman trial Mr. Brodrick treats adequately, for it has little judicial interest, since the Judge, before whom it was tried, expressly states that his decision was based solely on the demands of a mob. Mr. Brodrick disclaims ability to cast any certain light on the archaeological questions, such as the exact manner of the Crucifixion, the site of Calvary, and the route by which Christ was led thither, which he reviews in his concluding chapters. His remarks are, in the main, destructive of tradition. In the making of them he shows a strange though common attitude of mind. He seems to attribute to the framers of the Canon an exclusive possession of *praeter*-scientific knowledge, by limiting the credibility of *praeter*-scientific phenomena to those related in the Scriptures hallowed by their authority; while he seems to cast doubts on the credibility of similar phenomena related by tradition. It appears from the general tone of his writing, that he would sincerely resent a denial of a curative sequence on the passing of St. Peter's shadow, or on the application of napkins which had touched St. Paul's body; yet he seems anxious to discount the credibility of such a sequence on the application of the Cross of Christ or the following of the *Via Sacra*. It is not that he anywhere denies that cures of soul and body have taken place in Jerusalem since Apostolic times, but he seems anxious to point out that, if such did take place, they must have followed other actions and have occurred in any other localities, than those assigned to them by tradition—often as safe a guide as the fluctuating surmises of archaeology.

TALES FROM SACCHETTI

Tales from Sacchetti. Translated from the Italian by MARY G. STEEGMANN. With an Introduction by Dr. GUIDO BIAGI. (Dent, 3s. 6d.)

MORE and more, as the world grows older, do we realise the importance of the study of the ordinary rank and file of humanity. Time was when history was solely concerned with the doings of kings and conquerors, of Popes and Cardinals, and no one spared a thought to the constant, multifarious life of the common people. It is true, of course, that time was when the doings of kings and Popes had an immensely greater influence on history, on the development or the repression of civilisation, than they ever can have again; but it is curious how persistently we all studied them to the exclusion of national, city, or agrarian life, while all the while we might have learned a lesson from those wonderful things—the historical plays of

Shakespeare. There indeed the kings and nobles are of the chief importance ; but it is noticeable how, at every possible opportunity, Shakespeare brings before us the brilliant, shifting life of the common people, snatching us from Westminster to Eastcheap, from the battlefield to the Cotswolds. Of late years we have grown wiser, and we owe, perhaps, a good deal of our wisdom to a most unpleasant and unsatisfactory book—the History of Mr. J. R. Green. Still, we have learned the lesson, and far and wide we may see nowadays the effort to get at the common life of the common people, in the conviction that only by knowing that, as well as the deeds of kings, can we understand the art, the literature, or the attitude to life of any age and country.

Florence of late years has been particularly fortunate. Florence once meant Dante, Boccaccio, and the great artists. Recently we have seen the publication of such books as Signor Cesare Guasti's "Letters of Alessandra Strozzi," which throw a flood of light on the life and habits of the well-to-do and ruling classes, and scholars like Mr. G. T. Clough have found it worth their while to push enquiry into details of ordinary life in Renaissance Florence. In the book before us we have an even more valuable contribution to the study of Florence as she was in the fourteenth century. Franco di Benci Sacchetti, whose *novelli* are here admirably translated into appropriately vigorous and simple English, was a Florentine merchant and man of letters, who was born in Florence somewhere about 1330-1335. A trusted and capable citizen, he acted often as ambassador to various States, was a *Priore* of Florence, and *Podeslìa* of more places than one. Ill-fortune, however, dogged him, and the unhappy close of his life is mirrored in the two melancholy poems that remain of his last years. But wherever he was, and whether sad or merry, he was always shrewdly observing and noting, keeping his eyes open for odd occurrences and his ears for good stories. And the tales so collected he wrote down for his own amusement and those of his friends, circulating them in manuscript, and adding new ones which the perusal of those already written suggested to his many friends, some of whom were anxious to appear in his pages.

The collection, then, is not, like Boccaccio's, a carefully-planned work of art. It dates from the barren period that succeeded the death of the great literary artist of the "Decameron." It is written for a different purpose and a different class of reader—rather for men than for women, for there is no love in it, no chivalric code, and very little gallantry of sentiment ; and rather for men of affairs and a busy life than for dreamers in gardens and languishing lovers. The result is that it is packed with the shrewd wisdom of the mart and the streets, the high spirits which burst out like escaping flames whenever Florence was free of pestilence and the horrors of war, and with the humour of a hard-headed man of affairs. It is realistic to the core, the very life of the daily round in Florence ; it is not overnice, nor subtilised by elegance, for men spoke as they thought and acted as they felt inclined in those vivid days ; and it is as worldly-wise and as amusing a book as we know. Sacchetti moralises, of course ; he moralises at the end almost as inevitably as the "Gesta Romanorum" itself ; but in a very different manner. He tells, for instance, a ridiculous story of two ambassadors sent from the Casentino to the Bishop of Arezzo. The honest souls each trusted to the other to remember what the message was. On the way they were so overtaken by some excellent wine at the inn that what little chance there was of their remembering it was clean gone. They did the wisest thing ; they told the Bishop frankly that they had forgotten. And the Bishop, tickled no doubt by their simplicity, consented to grant what had been asked of him, adding that in future the Commune of the Casentino had better write instead of sending ambassadors. And so they returned home in triumph, finishing the excellent wine on the way, and were much honoured, holding many offices. Sacchetti sums it all up thus :

How often doth it happen, and not only to men of little

importance like these, but to many far greater than they who are every day sent as ambassadors, that they have as much connection with events as the Soldan hath with France. And they write and say that day and night they rest not, but always with great solicitude go about their affairs, and that everything is due unto their industry ; that they had intervened at a moment most opportune, when really they had no more sense than a block of wood.

That kind of fussy self-importance is not dead to-day, though it may not often be found mingled with the frank simplicity of the envoys of the Commune of the Casentino.

Among Sacchetti's other famous stories is that of how the women of Florence circumvented the sumptuary laws of costume. As *Priore*, Sacchetti had, doubtless, good opportunities of studying the treatment of a law for which he was partly responsible. The Judge, Amerigo degli Amerighi, of Pesaro, did his best to carry out these laws, but the women were too much for him on every point. The forbidden peak of a hood becomes a wreath, buttons are called beads, and ermine "suckling." He confesses himself beaten. "Said one of the Signori : 'We do but knock our heads against a wall ;'" and like wise men they gave up the attempt to make women obey the law.

Great interest, moreover, attaches in these stories to the figures of living or recently dead men of renown, who pass down Sacchetti's crowded street in their very habit as they lived. Here is Giotto making up a satiric coat-of-arms for a vulgarian, who gave him the commission in the spirit in which the American millionaire in *Punch* cried "Shop !" in the artist's studio ; and Giotto tumbling over some pigs on his way to a party, and declaring that they were in the right—"For I in my day have earned many thousands of lire with their bristles, and never have I given unto them even a dish of swill." Here is Dante—surely an apocryphal Dante—beating ass-drivers who misquote his lines and throwing a smith's tools into the street for the same offence. And here are a score more of known names, besides the host of beggars, labourers, friars, farmers, merchants—the whole vivid life of Florence—which throng these homely and delightful pages.

NATIVE QUESTIONS

Glimpses of the Ages. Vol. II. By T. E. S. SCHOLES. (John Long, 12s. net.)

DR. SCHOLES is entitled to a respectful hearing. He pleads the cause of what Joey Bagstock, irrespective of geography, called natives, and he is burning to tell us that we English are a set of colourless humbugs, who are unjust, bloody, proud, insolent, and oppressive to our coloured superiors ; that our Empire is founded upon lies, broken pact, robbery, and violence, and that our boasted superiority over negroes is a ridiculous fiction. Dr. Scholes is a medical gentleman, of African origin presumably, and one of our forty-three million negroid fellow-subjects, all of whom have nerves, joys, appetites, hopes, and in brief a share of man's life in the planet, but who, for the most part, do not speak or write down to our understandings. When one of these dark, silent peoples tells us the message of his heart, common courtesy demands that we should listen, even if the message is exceedingly long and as diffuse as Mother Africa herself. In so far as it is an assertion of the equality or superiority of God's image cut in ebony over the same cut in ivory, it is waste of time to write or read such a book. The superiority of a race is written not in print so much as by victory in war, by just legal codes, by healthy habits, by great art, by spiritual worship, by large co-operation and interdependence, and by lasting discoveries. Where the negroes have had power, as in Hayti for half a century, or in Chaka's great Zulu empire, the results have been that they have been most uncomfortable neighbours and even more unhappy at home. Without weighing two civilisations against each other, there is one thing obvious to any man who has been on the borders of any empire : two civilisations cannot exist side by side, as armchair

politicians and snug buttermen in the suburbs would wish them to do. Rebellious subjects or offending wives pop over the frontiers, and sable gentlemen with quivering spears demand their surrender. Treaty or no treaty, we cannot hand the runaways back. On our side young sportsmen cross the borders to hunt and fish, and they, too, breed trouble. A chance slash or a random shot makes all the border stations angry and uneasy. Expeditions on either side result in conquest and administration, and we entreat, suffer indignities, pay large sums, and long not to enlarge the map; but they must take over us or we them. It is a necessity above all politics. Having obtained control, our work is only begun, and to administer strange nations is as delicate and difficult a task as can fall to the experts of the highest of the fine arts—that of governance. If Dr. Scholes could go with us this far we should then be in a position to go into details with him, and could discuss the hut tax at Sierra Leone, and whether Bai Kompa was treated badly by Captain Warren, and what are the remedies for the woes of that protectorate, and wherein General Faidherbe's policy is better than ours. The Indian taxes, the behaviour of subalterns fresh from Sandhurst, and the still worse behaviour of the bounder from Peckham or Capetown, who gets loose in Swaziland or Nigeria, are all questions upon which we could and would make inquiries and demand redress if a reasonable case were made out and a reasonable remedy propounded. But Dr. Scholes rushes to and fro through the Continents, and wherever he sees an opening he rushes in and explodes an epithet, and before one has time either to say "Amen" or to gather what he would have us do now, he is away in Louisiana or Thibet exploding the same epithet. If the Pekin expedition was strewn with horrors and Lady Hemming was rude to a sister woman, if mine-owners on the make often need kicking and innocent Mashonas often get it, let us hear what is done amiss and we will listen meekly and *quoad valeamus* try to amend; but an indictment of whites from Odessa to Ohio, and from White-chapel to Port Darwin, is not effective, especially as it includes such trivial charges as scrambling in Edinburgh operating-rooms, along with acts of real injustice and tyranny. In one thing we are inclined to agree with our rebuker—we have greater vulgarity in our colourless ranks than is to be found in any uncivilised people anywhere. The children of Nature, whatever else they are, are not vulgar. It requires a special training to make a man vulgar, and we provide that training on a lavish scale. Tartars, Burmans, Maories, Papuans, men everywhere seem to be gentlemen, and civilisation breeds cads. Why does not some gentle Kaffir tell us how to avoid that great catastrophe? If he could do that, the thousand gentle civilians who at any moment are solely responsible for governing India with partial success would gladly listen to any proposals he might make for governing it better.

BIBLE STUDIES

The Isles and the Gospel, and other Bible Studies. By the late HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D. (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.)

The stray sermons and papers included in this volume represent the harvest of a quiet and cultured life. Not often, we imagine, are Presbyterian congregations privileged to listen to such discourses as are to be found in these pages. Dr. Macmillan was no rhetorician, but he was a man of wide reading and of a transparent sincerity of purpose. Every word in these addresses is well and wisely chosen, and there is a noticeable absence of those oratorical redundancies which disfigure so many pulpit harangues. It might even be objected that the style is less hortatory than one might legitimately expect, the moral being insinuated rather than directly conveyed. The three concluding papers in the volume are more purely educational. Dr. Macmillan was not distinguished for his original research, but he made it his business to be acquainted with the latest developments of scientific and archaeological investigation, and his essay on "The

Numerical Relations of Nature" is a by no means unimportant contribution to Nature-study, while in the paper entitled "An Early Celtic College," he emphasises the immense debt which modern civilisation owes to the labours of Celtic Christianity.

Mr. George A. Macmillan contributes an interesting and sympathetic memoir, which, if it does not add much to our knowledge of the author of this volume, serves to enhance our appreciation of his work. His life appears to have been varied by few outward incidents. He was essentially a student:

His distinctive service (as Mr. Macmillan writes) lay in devoting talents of insight and sympathy to the task of making more widely known and understood the researches and speculations of master minds.

In this he was eminently successful. His books have found their way into thousands of homes, and there can be little doubt that they have provided an impetus to Nature-study in innumerable instances. He was beloved by his friends and revered by his congregation. His death, some five years since, robbed English literature of an engaging personality and a writer of distinctive charm and ability.

SCORPIO

Scorpio. By J. A. CHALONER. (Palmetto Press.)

KEATS has told us that "they shall be accounted poet-kings who simply say the most heart-easing things." It may well be, therefore, that the author of the present volume of sonnets has no desire to be ranked among the poet-kings. For he certainly does not come to us with heartsease in his hand. On the contrary he prides himself on the fact that he is a hard and terrible hitter. Indeed, he assures us that he has come to the conclusion that you can put a wicked man "to sleep" with a sonnet in pretty much the same way that a prize-fighter puts his opponent to sleep with a finished blow. And not only does Mr. Chaloner believe in what we may term the sonnatorial fist, but he believes also in whips and scorpions, for the cover of his book is decorated with an angry-looking seven-thonged scourge, and he dubs the whole effort "Scorpio." So that when we look to the fair page itself we know what to expect. Nor are we disappointed. Mr. Chaloner goes to the opera. Being a good poet, he immediately writes a sonnet about it, the which, however, he calls "The Devil's Horseshoe." We reproduce it for the benefit of all whom it may concern:

"A fecund sight for a Philosopher—

Rich as Golconda's mine in lessons rare—

That gem-bedizend' "horse-shoe" at th' Opera,

Replete with costly hags and matrons fair!

His votaries doth Mammon there array,

His Amazonian Phalanx dread to face!

To Mammon there do they their homage pay;

Spangl'd with jewels, satins, silks, and lace,

Crones whose old bosoms in their corsets creak;

Beldames whose slightest glance would fright a horse;

Ghouls—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—

Their escorts *parvenus* of features coarse.

A rich array of Luxury and Vice!

But, spite of them, the music's very nice."

Here you have whips, scorpions, and a knock-out blow with a vengeance. The sonnet as a whole is not one which we can approve from a technical or a sentimental point of view, but it has points. Henley might have plumed himself on that line about the creaking corsets, and the last line, a *tour de force*, in its way reminds us of the withering ironies of Byron. It is only fair to Mr. Chaloner to add that not all his sonnets are concerned with back-flaying, bosom-stinging, or general thumping. Some of them show the tenderer emotions proper to a poet. We like him best, however, in his character as metrical bruiser. He is always on the side of the angels even if he is frequently over vigorous; and his book is well worth possessing. We gather that he has undergone personal troubles of no light or of ordinary nature, and it is pleasant to note that, despite these troubles, he still retains a sane and reasonable outlook upon life, for when he likes he can be quite pleasantly humorous instead of acridly bitter.

ON ACCOUNT OF ROYALTIES

HERE is an old verse :

Dear little baby Haweis,
Playing with your corals,
Papa will teach you music,
But who will teach you morals?

In its day this rhyme had a particular humorous application. If we borrow it for the purpose of illuminating certain phases of the great Author *versus* Publisher question we may, in the circumstances, be excused. The Publisher—good, fat, excellent man that he is—hath taught the Author music. "It is to the Publisher's pipe that the Author—or at any rate the bulk of him—so skips like the little hills. Publishers' music, indeed, is your Author's only harmony, whether for dancing or singing, and it is the Publisher always who calls the tune. To complain of this were the height of foolhardiness, because such complaint angers the Publisher and appears entirely unnecessary and stupid to the Author. The man who writes for his daily bread and week-end cherries knows perfectly well that the man who publishes is the master of his financial fate, and so long as he gets what seems to him a reasonable price for his work, paid chiefly in the shape of sums on account, it seems to him perfectly natural that the man who publishes should be the principal and best-considered party in any arrangement that may exist between them. Hence, as we have said, publishers' music is music for authors. When it comes to the matter of morals, however, we find ourselves at once on treacherous, quaking, and boggy ground. Without suggesting for a moment that the morals of the publishers of this great country are not all that they should be, we may perhaps be allowed to note without offence that popular superstition is quite as severe upon publishers as it is upon lawyers. An honest lawyer is said to be a singular rarity. The popular view is that an honest publisher "takes a deal of finding." "Now Barabbas was a publisher" sticks ineradicably in the public mind. We shall not attempt to confirm the public mind in its preconception any more than we shall attempt to give to the publishing trade palms for honesty. At the same time we must be allowed to smile, or at any rate to indulge a trifle of inward mirth, when we find our sweet musicianly publisher laying himself out to teach the author morals. In the current issue of the publishers' trade organ there appears an article entitled "Law, Custom, and Morals, and Advanced Payments to Authors." The writer of the article explains that :

From more than one quarter there are indications of a coming revolt against the growing exactions of a certain class of authors . . . the practice to which I now refer takes the form of demanding unjustifiable advances of so-called royalties without security, coupled with an assumption on the part of the author that he is under no obligation, legal or otherwise, to refund over-payments.

He goes on to remark that the evil effects of this practice "become more and more apparent in the form of over-production and financial difficulties;" he asserts that advances on account of royalties are regarded in the contemplation of the law as matters of particular contract, not ruled by "custom" at all, and consequently recoverable where over-payment can be established. And, what is more, he says in effect that the author who refuses to return the difference between royalties advanced and royalties earned is a dishonourable, dishonest, and even fraudulent person. Before we examine these extraordinary statements it may be well for us to look for a moment into the qualifications and antecedents of their author. The gentleman signs his name and makes no secret of his profession. His name is of small consequence. His profession is that of a Trustee in Bankruptcy. He is supposed to make a speciality of the winding-up of publishing concerns. His masterly winding-up in bankruptcy of the affairs of the original house of Grant Richards will be fresh in the memories of interested persons. Our highly moral friend commenced operations on that very fine

estate in the autumn of 1904. He made no attempt to deal with the copyrights piecemeal, but after months and months of delay he sold the concern to a firm which was apparently unable to continue it, and which has sold off, and is still selling off, the copyrights singly or in lots. This method of handling a publisher's estate is the worst in the world. While you are waiting for the capitalist who has money and enterprise enough to sell your going concern the value of your copyrights is steadily diminishing, for the "life" of comparatively few books will permit of their being withdrawn from publication, or at best only half-travelled, half-pushed, and left altogether unadvertised, for a period of from two to three years. To take an instance in point, the copyrights of two books which were going well and strong at the time of Mr. Richards's failure have just been sold by the publisher who purchased them from our highly moral friend, and they will make a reappearance during the present autumn. For four years one of these books, if not both of them, has been unobtainable for love or money; yet both of them are continually asked for at the bookshops, and the fact that a publisher has lately bought them for republication makes it pretty plain that there has been a screw loose somewhere. Who is to compensate the author of these particular books for his four years' loss of royalties? In our opinion a man who takes even a business like the first business of Mr. Grant Richards, and attempts to run it year after year with a view to selling it as a going concern, is gambling in other people's property, and generally handling that property in an unjustifiable and disastrous manner. With the wisdom of our highly moral friend, who, as we have seen, is a trustee in bankruptcy, and not a publisher, we shall not for the moment concern ourselves further. But his own experience must in the nature of things have given him some indication of the fearful risks that authors are compelled to run, and one would imagine that those experiences might have prevented him from making crude charges as to lack of honour and fraud in the matter of an author's retention of that portion of an advance on royalties which does not happen to be earned. The author's position is, in our view, an entirely honest and justifiable position. When a person who has written a book takes it to a publisher and demands an advance on account of royalties, no matter how large that demand may be, the publisher is always in a position to refuse it. Consequently there can be no injustice to the publisher here. Again, the publisher knows perfectly well that in cases where he does make a large advance the book concerned may fail to earn the money. But as a business man he is in a position either to take the risk or to refrain, as his judgment may direct. So that there is still no hardship on the publisher even if he parts with ten times the value of the book. And as to the author's side there can be neither dishonour nor fraud in his securing for himself the best possible terms. When A has a horse to sell, and sells it to B for, say, £40 on the understanding that if B sells it again for more than £40 A is to have a certain percentage of B's profit, it is neither dishonourable nor dishonest of A to pocket and retain the whole £40. And if B should happen to sell the horse for only £30, it is impossible for him to hold A either legally or morally responsible for the difference. While he does not make explicit statements on the point, our highly moral friend insinuates that authors are prone to exaggerate the selling value of their productions and thus induce the publisher to part with a greater sum on account than would otherwise be the case. This is really the merest and most gratuitous of false issues. Any smart publisher who may be about to hand over a large advance can discover quite easily whether the author's statements with respect to the sale of previous works are true or false. The publisher of the previous works is seldom averse from giving information on the subject provided it is asked for, and even if he declines to do this the big wholesale houses will always do it, and the firm's own travellers can usually get pretty near the mark by inquiry at the bookshops. Our highly moral friend says roundly :

"I shall betray no confidence when I state that in at least three estates which I have wound up I have found that the amounts lost by way of advances and over-payments to authors, chiefly novelists, more than equalled the total liabilities due to ordinary creditors." We shall not traverse these words, although it would be interesting to know in what businesses such a state of affairs could have arisen, and it is certain that they must have been very small businesses indeed. The real facts about the matter are these : (1) In the rare instances where a publisher makes too large an advance on account of royalties it is not the author who is to blame, but the publisher himself. For a new work by a certain writer £800 was lately paid on account of royalties. The author subsequently received an intimation that Messrs. So-and-So would like to see him with a view to business. He called and was asked what advance he had received for his book, and he stated the amount. Messrs. So-and-So told him that if he cared to write a book for them they would pay him £1,000 on account of royalties on delivery of the manuscript. He called on the publisher who had paid him £800 and explained what had happened. The publisher said that, while he was quite prepared to advance £800 for the next book, he could not see his way to advance £1,000. The author went back to Messrs. So-and-So and closed the deal. Messrs. So-and-So paid their £1,000 and published the new book. For some reason or other it did not sell, and it has not yet earned £600, much less £1,000, nor is it ever likely to earn the balance—at least so say the publishers. If our highly moral friend had his way the author in question would immediately return £400 to Messrs. So-and-So. But neither legally nor morally does he owe Messrs. So-and-So a single farthing. The bid was the publisher's, and he accepted it. (2) In a large number of instances money paid to an author in advance of royalties is absolutely the last money he gets for his work. Virtually and in effect the sum paid in advance is looked upon by author and publisher alike as purchase-money, the further royalties to be paid being stipulated for by the author because he always indulges a sort of wild hope that his book may achieve an unprecedented run, while the publisher for his part only too frequently emphasises the possibility of further royalties as an excuse for minimising the original advance. For any but the most successful authors—authors, that is to say, who are making over £2,000 a year out of their books—royalties over and above the amount advanced on delivery of the manuscript are a byword and a scoff. (3) Plain royalty without advance on account is the publisher's ideal. That it would mean absolute ruin to authors cannot be doubted; and this not because the average manuscript is not worth (and a good deal more than worth) the advance made upon it, but because the publishing business generally is worked on credit and eaten up with persons of small capital and less brains. Cautious, unspeculative publishing is considered to be the thing nowadays; and cautious, unspeculative publishing means the pushing of a book for a few weeks or months only, and to just such an extent as will enable the publisher to make sure of from £50 to £100 profit on the venture. When the author foregoes his payment in advance the publisher is still content with his £50 to £100 profit, and the author must content himself with a long-deferred £20 or £30 royalty cheque. But when the publisher has paid, say, £100 in advance he takes precious good care that the book shall be pushed and advertised to an extent which is likely to bring in both his profit and the amount of the advance. Furthermore, if an author publishes without an advance he is practically handing over property without security. Less than six months ago a firm of publishers applied to an author for a book. The author said that he was prepared to write the book providing an advance was made on account of royalties on delivery of the manuscript. The publishers said that it was against their practice to make advances, but that, as they "rather fancied" this particular book, they would give the author a bill at three months for the

amount of the advance. The author refused the bill and the business fell through. But inside three months the publishing firm were in the Bankruptcy Court. An author's only possible safeguard against this kind of misfortune is a money payment in advance. It is unsafe to publish on royalty terms with the biggest publishing houses of them all. Either a publisher has money or he has not. If he has money, no reasonable advance or series of advances can hurt him. If, on the other hand, he is without money, he has no business to be publishing. All the talk about partnership between author and publisher is fiddle-de-dee. No such partnership exists, and no such partnership can ever exist. Our highly moral friend offers the following beautiful advice to those parties most nearly concerned :

I should strongly urge those publishers who have fallen into this dangerous trap to make a formal demand for repayment of any moneys not earned by way of percentages whenever an account has been finally closed for want of sales, taking no further step without legal advice.

Here, of course, he admits his weakness. Such a demand from a publisher to an author—and our highly moral friend must not imagine that such a demand has never been made—is the purest bluff. Our advice to authors is that they should in no circumstances fail to take and keep every penny that the well-known generosity of the publishing trade is likely to put in their way. And if the publishers of London on their part will look at the business with something more of an eye to what is just and reasonable, and with something less of an eye to getting rich quick and being in the swim of the hour, they may defer the ultimate catastrophe of bankruptcy through over-payment to authors for quite a respectable period.

FALSE PROPHETS

I HAVE often wondered how far one is justified in arguing as to a man's sagacity and common sense from the particular to the universal. It is a tempting course to pursue; human nature, having discovered that in one particular instance Smith has been guilty of hopeless and undisputed folly, is apt enough to conclude that Smith is always and in all respects a fool. "What does he know about books (or ships, or motor-cars, or Moorish art)?" one is inclined to say; "look at the way he lost all the money his father left him." It is tempting; but it is not quite reasonable. A man may be downright Earlswood so far as money is concerned, and yet his views on plainsong may be worthy of the highest respect; and a Seventh-Day Baptist may be a skilled, daring, and trustworthy pilot. It is clear that we must go warily; it will not do to say without reserve that folly in A necessarily extends right down the alphabet even unto Z. Take the pilot; he is a member of an absurd sect, not from any defect in his reasoning powers, but from circumstance, from accident—because his father before him kept holy the seventh day, or because his wife was a member of the Connexion; his theory of the Sabbath does not interfere in any respect with his theory of rocks and shoals. A grocer may be a very good grocer and a substantial citizen in spite of his belief that the Reign of the Saints will commence on August 15th, 1926, at nine o'clock in the morning precisely; but if he embarked in an enterprise for planting tea and rice in the Thames Valley we should be justified in a profound distrust of his reasoning powers, more especially if this scheme of culture were backed by quotations from the Book of Daniel and the Apocalypse. For it would be clear in that case that the man's specific folly had overflowed its "compartment"; that his whole being was in process of being overwhelmed by a flood of nonsense; that even his technical knowledge had been submerged by the tide of the Millennium. When a man is not merely mistaken, but obviously nonsensical, in his own business, there is every reason to suppose that he is universally foolish.

The worst of it is that this truth is not accepted in the

region of theology. The theologian seems, indeed, to be the chartered libertine of thought, and the most important of all subjects is the one in which every man appears to have a licence to make an ass of himself without reproach. The pious young curate and the well-meaning old Bishop can do no wrong. Listen to the sermon. In the first place half of it is inaudible, because the preacher has not had the common decency to master the very simple art of speaking in public—in spite of the fact that the art in question is to be an important part of his life's work. And, secondly, the preacher's voice rises and falls in a sort of monotonous sing-song, which, if it means anything, seems intended to convey to the hearers the fact that the speaker has no sort of interest or belief in one single word that he utters. And, thirdly, the matter of these ill-delivered remarks is sheer silliness or dreary commonplace. And then people tell you that Mr. A. is such a *good* man, which is a wholly impertinent statement, and moreover a false statement. For if Mr. A. were really a good man he would take the trouble to learn his business; true piety would dictate at the least a dozen lessons in voice-production, pronunciation, and elocution. One is reminded of the tale of the old Scotchwoman. She was "taking up the character" of a new cook, and the woman's late mistress dwelt at length on the servant's undoubted morality and respectability. "Damn her respectability," was the comment; "can she cook collops?" And, after all, the ability to cook must logically be considered as the cook's *differentia*, and so the ability to preach should be held as essential to the definition of a preacher.

But the clergy—I should explain that, out of deference to the liberal, broad-minded spirit of the age, I include Dissenting teachers under this term—the clergy have a still wider licence. Not only may they preach without having mastered the first elements of the art they profess, but they have also liberty to utter nonsense wholesale, to preach and to write in such sort that if they had lived in the days of the Scholastic Philosophy they would all have received the title of "Master of Contradictions." And no farrago of obvious fallacies, of absurdities, of false reasonings, seems to have the slightest effect on the position that these persons may have attained. Take the case of Mr. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple. He wrote a book (which was reviewed in these columns), a book which proved to be a mass of contradictions and mutually-destructive statements. I am not going to fall into the fallacy of concluding from this fact that Mr. Campbell's cause is evidently a bad one. The cause may be a very good one; what is evident is that in Mr. Campbell it has found a most atrociously incompetent advocate; this there is no gainsaying. And yet, so far as I am aware, the publication of this volume of absurdities has had no appreciable effect on the preacher's position. I don't suppose that he is the poorer by a single pew-rent; one sees his name still quoted with respect, his views on this or that are to be read in the newspaper, his alliance is welcomed in various quarters. Why is this so? I suppose because he is like the curate; he is such a *good* man. But I deny his goodness. Having set himself to conduct a certain argument, he should have considered it his duty to familiarise himself with the fundamental laws of ratiocination. A really good man would never conclude in *Barbare* or *Celarant*, nor would such an one place the propositions "all A is B" and "some A is not B" side by side on the same page. Mr. Campbell may be respectable in a sense, but he certainly cannot cook collops; and yet he is famed in certain circles as a most accomplished *chef*. Is the suppressed premiss—A man can talk the wildest rubbish about religion, and yet remain an excellent religious teacher, so long as he utters kindly and humanitarian sentiments, so long as he is anxious that everybody should have £200 a year? This might be true in a sense if religion were defined as a scheme for providing everybody with £4 a week; but I believe that the universal consent of humanity has declared that religion is something much more than this. Socrates and the King of Borrioboola Gha, St. Paul and Buddha, Calvin and St. Ignatius Loyola

are at least agreed on this point. And even if the £4 definition were true, the doctors and pastors of the Comfortable Faith would be all the better, one would think, for a modicum of reasoning power. Surely no cause, whatever its nature, can be advanced by the utterance of rank absurdity. And yet large masses of the English people continue to put their trust in these masters of contradiction and unreason; they still gaze in admiration and respect at the process which Dr. Johnson called "milking the bull." We have always professed our belief that reason is man's noblest attribute; it is very clear that a great many of us regard reason as the merest trifle—an amusing accident, like a movable scalp or double-jointed fingers. The sea-captain who first noted a rapid fall in the barometer, then observed a strange glare in the sky and the gathering of wild and stormy clouds, and, putting these facts together, concluded that the weather was going to be exceptionally fine, would, it seems probable, soon forfeit the confidence of his owners, even though he were a notoriously humane man, bursting with altruistic sentiment. And yet it is in such spiritual captains that hundreds of thousands of Englishmen put their trust; and one wonders what the end of our voyage will be.

I see a ray of hope in a recent issue of a daily paper. Possibly the readers of THE ACADEMY may remember the review of a certain book called "My Belief," the author of the book being Dr. Horton, a personage of the greatest distinction in Dissenting circles. "My Belief" was, like Mr. Campbell's book, a tissue of contradictions and absurdities; I exposed a very few of these in the review in question. I do not know whether THE ACADEMY is read by the Hampstead Independents; but I am quite certain that no exposure of their pastor's bad logic and false reasoning would diminish in the slightest degree their reverence and respect for his teaching. I do not know why this is so, unless it be on the theory which I have advanced before in these columns—that men have the power of casting away their best possessions. Still, I suppose one must do one's duty; one must continue to affirm that a lobster is not a red fish that walks backward, though one knows that the affirmation will persuade nobody. But Dr. Horton has ventured beyond the region of theology. He has recently declared that the best way to avoid the horrors of war is to be thoroughly unprepared for it; and I have great hopes, more especially as this egregious folly has been exposed by Mr. Arnold White in the *Daily Chronicle*. For this is not a question of theology, of Death and Judgment, Heaven and Hell, and such obsolete trifling. This is a matter of our skins and our purses, our front lawns and our back gardens, our very existence as a nation. And my hope is that people who would listen to Dr. Horton's theological nonsense with grave and bland respect may be led by this absurdity in a "practical" sphere to doubt their wisdom in submitting themselves to such a teacher *in divinis*:

I wonder (says Mr. Arnold White) whether Dr. Horton has ever devoted a day of his life to the study of German preparations for war against England, and whether he thinks that the happiness and morality of family life have been increased by the successive attacks on Denmark, Austria, and France. . . . In the triangle between Wilhelmshavn, Rheine, and Emden, screened by the Frisian Islands, is all the apparatus for sudden attack on England. . . . I have satisfied myself by personal inspection that Dr. Horton possesses a front door with bolts and locks. On what principle can it be wrong for England to defend herself against international hooliganism if it is right for Dr. Horton to pay a police-rate and lock his front door against Hampstead thieves?

Mr. Arnold White goes on to warn the preacher that, if his advice is followed, the result will be the bloodiest war in history; and, I say again, I have hopes that those who have accepted gladly any and every delirium in theology will reconsider their position, and ask themselves whether teachers that preach red ruin, and blood, and woe, and destruction on earth are likely to be safe guides to heaven. Unfortunately, as I have said, vague sentiment appears able to cover every absurdity, monstrosity, and fallacy in the things of the soul. We listen and applaud, I know not

why. But the simplest Englishman has the love of country in him ; he has a pride in the ancient story of the realm ; he knows that in time of peril he would give his life for the land, for his hearth and his home. He may be neither theologian nor logician ; but he can at least understand the Gospel of Ruin preached in plain words ; he may, perhaps, have talked to Frenchmen and Frenchwomen who remember the disgrace and misery and shame and desolation of 1870 ; and then he may ask himself whether he will put his trust in false teachers any more ; he may ask himself whether, this one rivulet being so rankly putrid and envenomed, the fountain from which it springs is likely to be a well of water unto everlasting life.

There is, it seems to me, something of awful tragedy in the situation. From every quarter comes the same warning. Lord Cromer has uttered it in the House of Lords ; Mr. Arnold White repeats it ; Mr. Hyndman, the militant Socialist, declares that the danger is instant and tremendous. And Dr. Horton tells us that now is the time to lay down our arms and scrap our ironclads. And I repeat that if such a man as this is still regarded with respect as a teacher in things sacred or in things profane, then the doom of England, both in body and in spirit, must be near at hand.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

THE SILLY SCHOOL

THE novel has been described as the noblest and most spacious of art forms. In England at the present moment we have a few writers who may be said to use the fictional convention nobly ; we have a number of writers who endeavour to use it nobly ; we have a handful of dubious persons who insist upon using it ignobly, and we have a literal horde of featherheads and irresponsibles who use it in an absolutely silly and futile manner. The young man or the young woman who writes appears to turn to fiction not because he or she possesses any serious vocation or ambition in that direction, but simply because it is understood that one can never make authorship pay unless one writes "novels." Hence the general foolishness of the stuff which is put before us at the libraries. From the cover of a piping new novel called "A Laughing Matter" (Werner Laurie) we take the following :

This is the problem. Suppose a proud and devoted father to entrust his motherless daughter, with many grave warnings and solemn charges, to the care of a certain novelist and his wife resident in the suburbs. Suppose the girl to be "sweet and twenty," a country girl, fresh, buoyant, simple, and manifesting a somewhat disconcerting and unexpected influence over men, attracting them in some mysterious way to break through the hedge of convention so laboriously raised about her. Suppose the novelist to be a plodding and busy person, whose steadfast purpose in regard to his charge is to return her to her father perfect as she came, and suppose his wife to be, in her subtle and humorous way, just the opposite. Suppose also there be, next door, a youth, his sister and her lover, who all, despite the stern opposition of the novelist, are attracted in various ways and by various means to tea and croquet over the fence. What, in some such circumstances do you think would happen ?

Oh, la la ! Was ever such nonsense penned ? What in the name of goodness should happen, and where, oh where does the problem come in for persons who have human eyes and human hearts ? In point of fact there is herein no problem at all. The pretentious twaddle we have quoted may not be the work of the author of "A Laughing Matter." Possibly it owes itself to some bright publisher's clerk who tosses off this kind of thing in moments when there is nothing to do in the ledgers. In any case, however, one supposes that if the author—no less a light than Mr. Shan F. Bullock, by the way—had objected to such a desecration of his cover, his objections would have prevailed. So that in a sense, even if he did not write the stuff himself, he must share the blame. And when we turn to the book itself, for which, we take it, Mr. Bullock is responsible, what do we find ? Well, not to crack the wind of the poor phrase, we find "A Laughing

Matter" no laughing matter at all. We will guarantee the first four chapters of this extraordinary problem-book to bore anybody above the quality of a schoolgirl approximately to death. Chapter i., in which the "novelist" and his wife discuss the question of receiving into the bosom of their family the motherless daughter of "the proud and devoted father," is a model and a monument of stupid and unnecessary writing—dull beyond itself and childish in its absolute meaninglessness. It is true that the story picks up somewhat when you get past the fifty pages or so of preliminary haverings, but Mr. Bullock will make "conversations"—and silly conversations at that—right through, and one feels that it is a pity he should have compiled or published such a book at all. We make no doubt that somebody will read it, and feel all the sillier in consequence. And if "A Laughing Matter" is really a problem-novel, then surely the problem-novel is come to the end of its tether.

We have received a second foolish piece of fiction which is called magniloquently "The High Adventure" (Lane)—author, Hugh de Sélincourt. Here again we have silliness let loose upon us in the most terrible way. The men in the book are Simple Simons to a man—brainless, ineffectual, infected with impertinent notions about sex and marriage, and eaten up with conceit and "culture." As for the women, of whom there are two, one is an elderly parcel of satin and the other a youthful and quite shadowy and unreal bundle of muslin. With such puppets on the board our author prattles and bleats along to his heart's content. Much of his cheap philosophy is called forth by the case of a certain youth named Smith, who succumbs to the blandishments of a lady of the West who says "Hello darling" to Smith without being properly introduced. We are told frankly what happened to Smith in consequence, and there is a lot of babble about "How is one to gain experience ?" and so on *ad nauseam*. One precious character in the book

Could not understand why a woman, who once asked him if he loved her, was insulted when he said that he did not love her, but thought that her body was lovely and desirable ;

and we infer from Mr. De Sélincourt's general remarks that his sympathies are not altogether with the woman. One could continue to quote samples of this sickly, silly, ill-considered stuff till the page blushed. Even after the marriage of the slobbering hero to the pot heroine, Mr. De Sélincourt cannot find it in his heart to draw the dimity curtains of decency. He treats us rather to a bed-chamber conversation which will, no doubt, be considered extremely decent and proper to be related by hard-baked Suffragists of fifty, not to mention mawkish young men of twenty who are still calves both in matters of love and matters of philosophy. We note that Mr. De Sélincourt's previous novels, which the present writer has not had the pleasure to read, have been highly praised by the *Athenaeum* and the *Daily Mail*. One of them also THE ACADEMY seems to have praised. So that, on the whole, the author has been encouraged, and the fault of the present appearance may not be entirely his. One journal has told him that he "has a fine future before him, for he has the qualifications necessary for writing novels worth writing ;" another says "he seems to have carved out a department in fiction for himself, a department that has been called somewhere 'reticent realism' not inaptly." We have no wish to dash Mr. De Sélincourt's views as to his own high destiny and mission. We have a duty by letters and the public, however, and while we are quite willing to admit that as a concern of technique "The High Adventure" is passably done, we cannot concede that Mr. De Sélincourt possesses anything like a proper feeling for letters, and we are bound to condemn the subject-matter and general inwardness of his book. When he is not trivial he is youthfully and conceitedly silly about "questions" which do not trouble reasonable people at all. The appetite round which Mr. De Sélincourt flutters like a singed moth is just as much, and no more and no less, of an appetite than one's appetite for lunch. Mr. De Sélincourt, in common with so many other bleating and ambitious

children of the pen who move in the cultivated circles of Soho, persists in bringing to bear on the discussion of this appetite the whole battery of the arts in so far as he can command it, and he appears to imagine that all the finer essences of life, including poetry, are to be subordinated to the service of the "isms" which have sprung up round sex. Now if any person of supposed literary gifts were solemnly to discuss lunch, or the appetite for lunch, with the same pretence for fine writing and high and noble thinking that "The Silly School" assume at their priest-like task of discussing sex, Mr. De Sélincourt would be among the first to vote that person of letters extremely insane. From the point of view of art divagations into physiology are not to be applauded. Mr. De Sélincourt and the silly writers generally are always in a hurry to tell you that art has nothing to do with morals. On the other hand, they imagine paradoxically that it has everything to do with sex. But as, broadly, the greater part of morals arises out of sex, they land themselves on the horns of a dilemma. If it be admitted that the finest art is above and outside the region of morals, then surely the finest art must be infinitely above and outside the region of sex in its mundane sense. If, as the daily papers appear to agree, Mr. De Sélincourt has in him the root of tremendousness, he will find it necessary not to mistake the truths of science for the truths of the spirit before he can hope to become a creditable efflorescence. Meanwhile it is necessary for us to express the opinion that mothers having impressionable daughters will do well to keep "The High Adventure" on the black-list—if they can possibly manage it.

X.

YΩΝ ΠΟΛΙΣ.

It was very hot. Overhead the sun was blazing from a cloudless blue sky. Not a breath of wind ruffled the leaves of the pear-tree beneath which I had sat reading all the morning, in the vain hope that its shade might keep me cool. Stifling a yawn, I closed my books and lay back in my chair.

Around me were several works on modern Socialism, and in my mind confusion of thought and a great weariness, as the conflicting views of different Socialistic schools flitted before my consciousness, obstinately refusing to be reconciled. There were good Christians and Idealists who, in their futile attempt to combine mutually exclusive principles, have sought in Socialism the legitimate outcome and development of the communism of a religious order, and of Plato's Ideal City. And there were irreligious persons who held that in Christian monasticism the communistic mode of life was a mere accident, and that only a superficial observer would infer therefrom any Socialistic tendency—men who have thrown over Idealism with Christianity and frankly inform us that their only object is the material happiness of the greatest number, and that their theories are based on their reading of history and of the evolution of Society. Yet both schools profess to be working amicably for the same goal; and the incongruity of it all became a positive obsession. My mind seemed a chaotic microcosm of antagonistic particulars, without form and void.

Methought I was walking in a beautiful meadow full of crimson flowers of a form that I had never seen on earth. The sun was still shining brightly, but a cool breeze wafted the sweet odour of frankincense from a grove hard by. A little further gleamed the golden apples of the Hesperides, and fragrant incense streamed heavenward from many an altar as the white-robed priests offered sacrifice to their gods; while chariots and horsemen, throwers of the disc and fleet runners disported themselves along the plain. Now and then from the woodlands came the shrill sound of the plectrum as it smote the strings of the silver-tongued lyre, and the love-songs of Sappho and Anacreon's bacchanals echoed in my ears. And in the distance was a shining city, where I saw the gleaming glory of the Parthenon in its prime, with Apollo's Delphic temple, and Sparta's austere shrines.

Presently I observed two figures standing a little apart from their fellows in earnest conversation. As I drew near, one of them—a little, bald-headed, snub-nosed man, whose features seemed familiar—addressed me: "Stranger, you appear to be lately come from the upper world; and Plato and I were just now discussing the heavenly city, and whether it could ever be set up among men. And we thought you might be able to tell us about the States now existing upon earth—is there any one in which philosophers bear rule, or do faction and tyranny and the caprices of the mob still prevail as heretofore?"

"It is the same old story," I said; "but there hath lately arisen among us a band of men who are pledged to realise the Ideal City on earth. They call themselves Socialists, and aim at getting possession of the means of production, distribution and exchange, and organising society in the interests of all. And such devoted adherents are they of the principle *κοινὰ τὰ τῶν φτωχῶν* that one of their most prominent thinkers does not hesitate to identify justice with confiscation, and injustice with the rights of property; maintaining 'the right of the proletariat organised to that end to take possession of all capital and land by right of superior force.'"

"I am not sure that I quite understand you," said Plato. "It sounds uncommonly like the argument of our old friend Thrasymachus, that justice is the interest of the stronger. And surely you cannot mean that the State should be controlled by the mob—by the handcraftsmen and manual labourers! Have you forgotten the story of the earth-born men and the oracle which says that the State will be destroyed when a man of brass or iron guards it?"

"No," I replied; "but our Socialists have got hold of a much finer 'Phoenician tale,' which they have actually succeeded in persuading many even of the present generation to believe. 'Citizens,' they say, 'you are all brothers, equal by nature and framed after the same pattern. Each one of you is compounded of an equal admixture of gold and silver, brass and iron; and only equality of opportunity is needed to prove the equal capacity of all classes for government. Science knows of no such thing as an individual character apart from social surroundings. All superiority is the product of environment. Equalise the conditions of life to those of a prosperous artisan in a model cottage, and character will be shaped by environment like jelly in a mould. For an oracle has declared that the voice of the people is the Voice of God, and that the supreme end of life is the greatest happiness of the greatest number.'"

While I was speaking I could see that Socrates, like an old war-horse, was eager to enter the fray, and now and then I caught a word like "sophist," or "demagogue," addressed to Plato in an undertone. And when I had finished he interposed: "Surely, stranger, there must be a touch of irony in your identification of such a State with our Ideal City, whose essential principle, you will remember, was the due subordination of all classes, each doing its own work in the interest of the whole, and minding its own business, and this, we said, was justice, whereas injustice was the intermeddling of class with class, which is the greatest harm that can befall a city, and the greatest villainy."

"Yes," said Plato, "and it was for this very reason that when legislating in my 'Laws' for the earthly copy of our city I decided to exclude all artisans and retail traders from citizenship. For those who spend their days haggling and huckstering in the market-place, whether it be commodities that they sell or the labour of their hands, are prone to a narrow and one-sided view of the interests of the community, which they are apt to identify with the interests of their class. But do you, Socrates, question our friend more closely on these matters, that we may ascertain what manner of city these Socialists are really trying to found?"

"Nothing would please me better," I replied.

"Tell me, then," said Socrates, "do these believers in universal equality hold that one man may work at many trades? Or must each one confine himself to his own

trade, and refuse to meddle with any other? For instance, do you allow a mason to work as a carpenter?"

"Certainly not, Socrates. It has been rigorously laid down by the men's Trades Unions that no man may work at another man's trade under the most stringent penalties."

"But does the governance of a people require less skill than the building of a house or the making of a door?"

"By no means; but, as every one has an admixture of the rulers' gold in his composition, a suitable environment is all that is needed to burnish it up. For, as I said just now, superiority is the product of environment. Such at any rate is the teaching of one of our greatest philosophers—perhaps you have come across him; he died not so very long ago. No? Ah! I forgot; he was rather proud of his ignorance of Greek. He was an uncompromising opponent, too, of Socialism, yet it is from him that his adversaries have stolen their strongest argument."

"By the Dog, a second theft of Prometheus," said Socrates. "But if every one has an equal admixture of the various metals, surely it follows that the good workman is on the same level with the bad; the superiority of the former is purely accidental and would not exist in a favourable environment."

"Quite right, Socrates, and consequently many Trades Unionists are agitating for an equal standard of wages. But this part of the myth has not yet won universal acceptance among us, though doubtless it will do so in one or two generations. However, the equality of the gold element is already admitted in accordance with the oracle to which I have referred; hence our legislators never dream of entering on their functions without a popular mandate."

"I perceive," said Socrates, "that our Athenian demagogues might still find employment in your city. But if the physician or the pilot were to ask for a mandate before exercising his functions, would the one be able to cure men's bodies, and the other to steer the ship safely in the midst of rocks and shoals?"

"Assuredly not," said I.

"Yet you say that the legislator can cure the ills of the body politic by flattering his patient, and steer the Ship of State by truckling to the commands of a mutinous crew?"

I began to feel like a miserable cockchafer pinned by a boy to a board, and the more I wriggled the less was I able to get away. So I thought it best to deluge their ears with a set speech on the material comforts which a Socialist State would secure for the majority. "Socrates," I began, "the cases are not really parallel. For, as the oracle has said, the end of all government is the greatest happiness of the greatest number; and who can be a better judge of their happiness than the people directly concerned? Now the majority have always felt that labour is an evil to be minimised to the utmost; they have always wanted to be relieved from all anxiety about their future and at the same time free to enjoy the present as they please. This was well understood by the Roman poet—"panem et circenses!"—Comfort and Amusement they worship, two potent gods who never fail to satisfy their votaries. Also in most men the eyes of the soul are closed in slumber, and they are happier so. For the way of the Spirit is hard and beset with rocks and briars, and they that walk therein are seldom happy, for its fruits are renunciation and ineffectual striving after an ideal that ever eludes one's grasp. But in a Socialist State material pleasure will be within the reach of all."

At this point Plato and Socrates exchanged a sly smile of understanding, and Socrates replied: "Stranger, I can well believe that your city would appeal to those in whom the mind is in its infancy and the spirit is asleep; who live but for the present, the creatures of a day, until Death's everlasting night enshrouds them, and they pass into the oblivion whence they came. For I perceive that the city you would establish is not that Ideal City whereof a pattern is laid up in Heaven, and which God Himself rules in transcendent beauty for evermore, but is rather a corrup-

tion of that primitive city which we sketched as a satire on the cynics of our time—the *ἄνω πόλις*."

I awoke with a start; the sun was high in the heavens, and its rays were streaming into my eyes. Had I been dreaming? It must have been so. Yet perchance the dream came from the Gates of Horn.

E. D. L.

TRADITION

THERE is less and less tradition in the world every year, for with increased means of expression and chronicle, less is required. The traditional classes are rapidly ceasing to exist, which is only another way of saying that everybody is learning to spell, write, photograph, report, type, draw, and use all imaginable aids to the mechanical and artistic transmission of ideas. One class after another surrenders its habit and power of tradition altogether. The upper classes have now but little tradition, the middle classes none at all, and the labourers will shortly be educated into having none either. It will then be more and more difficult for scholars and historians to believe that there ever has been such a method as tradition. They have never used it, and in fifty years' time, it can be truly said, they will have never known any one who used it. Naturally, then, they will utterly disbelieve in its power and its value. Already it is usually coupled with the words "vague" or "mere," or with the sneering epithet "popular." Among the Teutonic *savants*, who dwell amid a well-drilled and drastically-schooled people, there is already a profound disbelief in tradition, except as a sort of rat, which is mercifully provided for the terriers of learning to worry, slay, and generally make sport with.

In England we still have some of the advantages of our defects. There are survivals, which the curious find valuable, and in peasant families there are still traditional tales, songs, unwritten vestiges of the past, which are inaptly called legends. This is still more true of Ireland, but England will suffice for an illustration. The tradition is often pooh-poohed and forgotten, but sometimes, and more often than many believe, it finds justification. Careful research, the publication of old and forgotten documents, tell to students what the common people have known all the time and what might have been had almost for the asking, without that tedious study process. There is one way in which the peasant passes on his old tale or his old song, and that is by a careful invariableness. The educated man never tells a story twice in the same words. Indeed, like Sir Walter Scott, he never brings it out at all without intentionally giving it "a new hat and stick," and unintentionally he varies it with the company, with the hour, with the amount and quality of his food, drink, and digestive secretions. Not so the peasant. If he sings you an old ballad, he must sit in one chair, at one certain angle to the fire and window. He looks at his feet and his hands. They are in position. At one verse he stands; at another he takes off his hat; at a third he brandishes an imaginary glass. Perhaps he may thump the table at one line and stamp or beat with his foot at a particular phrase. It is exactly the same with his tale. The voice rises or falls, the gesture is reproduced at the same phrase; and it is always the same phrase, if he tells that story a hundred or a thousand times. You ask if young Jack or Tommy knows the tale or the song, and you will learn to your astonishment that the boy "don't know nothing about it," because he has not repeated it phrase by phrase and accent for accent, as the grandfather has told it. Indeed, he has never been asked to do so. But you will hear him whistling the old melody to his horses, with all its minute variations, and it varies with every verse. Forty years hence he will be able to repeat that story without a single error, and he will brandish, stamp, or thump exactly as the old man did, when night after night he told or sang the old thing. Any one who has experience of living tradition will be astonished—

not that it conveys old truths, but that it should ever contain any large admixture of error at all, so elaborate, so precise, so unaccommodating, so exacting are the ancients who preserve it. They are pained and puzzled, and a little indignant, if you put their tale into other words, and ask them if that is correct. They will tell you, with open discomfort, that you have got some of it, and immediately you have gone will dispute even that verdict. An old labourer is lately dead whose great-grandfather was at Sedgemoor. In this twentieth century that old fellow used to tell stories of how one village went duking and its rival went for the king, and in every case the chronicles of the Bloody Assize bore out the tale. A clergyman in another place was about to open some masonry which had not been touched for five hundred years. The people warned him that he would be disturbing two skeletons, and he found they were right. An old blind fellow lately sang a ballad of Robin Hood. It tallied exactly, except for one line, with Ritson's version, which was derived from a unique black-letter broadsheet placed by Anothony a Wood in the Bodleian, the date of which is at least as old as the early part of Henry VIII.'s reign. In the one line of variation, one-sixty-sixth of the whole, the blind crowder was possibly right and the broadsheet wrong. If, as seems likely, these two streams of transmission were divided at the time of the early Tudors and flowed on so evenly for four centuries, that is a far longer period than is required for greater traditions to run unwritten, say about the Apostles' Creed—between the Apostles and Rufinus. An intelligent old labourer, who had lived long at Glastonbury, told his parson that he knew for certain that St. Joseph of Arimathea was buried at Godney, and that "God nigh" were his last words. Now, apart from the fact that St. Joseph would be unlikely to speak English centuries before we came here, the old man was repeating a very old tale which those who see the faults in his etymology need not question until they have solved the problem of why that place should be called God's island at all. It is not unlikely that he was really conveying some characteristic mediaeval quibble about the Lord being nigh them that call upon Him, which some ancient preacher, more pious than profound, had linked with the place-name. There is one thing wherein we all trust tradition, and that is in the place-names. If, for instance, the non-Saxon names of all our rivers have survived so persistently, is it possible that all the other things which tradition tells should be mere vanity and nothingness? One must be very rank of the lamp to think so, at any rate, in any land where tradition may be still studied alive, and not only seen, glazed and stuffed, in museums.

DR. JOHNSON AGAIN

It is so difficult to forget our Bozzy and his masterpiece, which, indeed, is the supreme biography of the modern world, that we are actually content to live ignorant of the inner man, whose, wig, teapot, cat, and table manners we know almost as well as we know "Mother Hubbard" and "Jack Horner." Most people have got somewhere about the house "Rasselass" and "The Rambler," but they could not exactly say where they last saw the brown outers of these books, and nearly everybody has got the "Lives of the Poets" in a better-used shelf, where they are ready for reference. But the ignorance of middle-aged gentlemen, which George Eliot says will never be appreciated fully, can be absolutely relied upon when it comes to a question of the contents of Johnson's great contribution to literature. Even the young and adventurous have found the country too strewn with boulders to saunter far into it. They have hurt their feet in the attempt, and they conclude that the path is rough and the landscape dull. Johnson's talk they know to be delicious, but his written style they think to be prohibitive. In truth it is at the most, difficult, and not always even that. The sound heart and sage head, the passion of sincerity and pity—in a word, the greatness of the man—

would not have won him the awe and love of his contemporaries if he had been the cumbrous moralist of the modern myth. The beginner—and most of us would do well to begin a course of Johnson—should take the easier things first, just as he would do if he were beginning a course, say, of Spanish. Let him start with the poem on Levet, the apothecary whom Johnson sheltered—"A brutal man, sir, but only outwardly brutal." Johnson wrote his elegy, bathed in tears—none the less real because he had no delusion and no funereal affectation about the friend and his limitations :

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void ;
And sure the Eternal Master found
The single talent well employed.

There is more real heart and more true poetry in a line like "Obscurely wise and coarsely kind" than in the obituary notices to which we are so well used in prose and verse. After Levet the student aforesaid might try "London" and the "Vanity," but it would be safer to explore "The Idler" next. He must take that with some little knowledge of the setting. Samuel is no doctor, as yet. He is unknown to Boswell, to Goldsmith, or to Burke. He has lately published the wonderful Dictionary, after seven years' hard work, "protracted till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave," including his Tetty. He has irritated the national vanity by his criticisms on Shakespeare and enraged Grub Street by his most laughable hints for the employment of authors. He is now contributing some of his best character-sketches to one of those ceaseless essay periodicals with which the age amused itself. Let the student turn to No. 8, published on June 3rd, 1758. The Seven Years' War is in full swing. Pitt is trying to raise the national spirit, and everybody is exceedingly uncomfortable at the bad news. General Mordaunt and the Army have behaved disgracefully before Rochefort, and Lord Loudon has been soundly smitten back from Louisburg in America, and the Duke of Cumberland has been surrounded, beaten, and sent home with a nasty Convention of Klosterseven in his pocket. "At one time we have been beaten by enemies whom we did not see ; and at another have avoided the sight of enemies lest we should be beaten." Johnson gravely recalls the example of Dudon, who slew the dragon of Rhodes by exercising his horse and mastiffs first upon a pasteboard dragon. He suggests that a sham Brest, Toulon, or Paris be erected on Salisbury Plain :

Let the inclosure be filled with beef and ale ; let the soldiers, from some proper eminence, see shirts waving upon lines, and here and there a plump landlady hurrying about with pots in her hand. When they are sufficiently animated to advance, lead them in exact order, with fife and drum, to that side whence the wind blows, till they come within the scent of roast meat and tobacco. Contrive that they may approach the place fasting about an hour after dinner-time, assure them that there is no danger, and command an attack. If nobody within either moves or speaks, it is not unlikely that they may carry the place by storm ; but if a panick should seize them it will be proper to defer the enterprise to a more hungry hour.

He then suggests fat in the fire, the rattle of pots, tied prisoners who are allowed to grin, and, finally, war whoops composed of a proper mixture of asses, bulls, geese, and tragedians. The generals will judge of the gradations. "They best know what the soldiers and what themselves can bear." Could any man, with a mustard-seed of literary sense in him, read a satire like this and call it dull or heavy? When he has enjoyed this No. 8, he can turn to Druggett, Sneaker, Mrs. Simper, Whirler, and all the rest of them. Let him not forget No. 12, too, on the unreasonableness of the marriage notices :

Some, perhaps, think it kind, by a publick declaration, to put an end to the hopes of rivalry and the fears of jealousy, to let parents know that they may set their daughters at liberty whom they have locked up for fear of the bridegroom, or to dismiss to their counters and their offices the amorous youths that had been used to hover round the dwelling of the bride.

After a course of "Idler," the "Adventurer" comes next,

and by this time even the "Rambler" and "Rasselas" can be faced with equanimity, read, and even enjoyed. The beginner will be likely to become by these steps an ardent scholar.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Gardens of England. Painted by BEATRICE PARSONS. Described by E. T. COOK. (A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d. net.)

OF the making of garden-books there is no end. This last addition to their number, however, amply justifies its existence. Mr. Cook has made the subject peculiarly his own, and he writes from the full stores of a rich experience. He treats, in these pages, of the garden in every aspect—of cottage-gardens no less than of the gardens of the great, of rosaries, of flower-gardens, and of herbaceous borders.

The love of gardening is, indeed, deep-rooted in the national character, and while a thousand hobbies have their day and cease to be, the garden remains. Mr. Cook, in an eloquent passage, acclaims this affection for the garden as one of the most potent factors in the process of social amelioration, forming, as it does, "one strong connective link between all ranks of English people."

The national importance of the cottage-garden, he adds, can hardly be rated too highly, for its influence for good, in very diverse directions, is incalculable. It is not merely that it can and does add considerably to the material well-being of the labourer's family ; it also keeps alive the sense of the beautiful in surroundings that are too often mean and rough ; and, speaking generally, there is no surer test of individual character. Ill-kept, with waste of ground which might be, but is not, well stocked with valuable food, and with little thought of any adornment of flowers, the cottage-garden is a sure indication of sloth, unthrift, and an unreliable disposition, while the well-ordered plot at once suggests a balanced mind, contentment, and a comfortable if humble home.

We do not propose to follow Mr. Cook into the almost infinite ramifications of this most fascinating of subjects. The book abounds in curious and out-of-the-way information, quaint recipes gathered from ancient herbals, old country manners and superstitions, and a whole wealth of plant-lore. But Mr. Cook is no mere theorist, and the practical gardener who wants to know when to sow his seed, or how to arrange his flower-beds, or, again, how to achieve the best possible effect in a limited space, could hardly do better than consult these pages.

The beautiful illustrations of Miss Beatrice Parsons deserve more than a passing word of praise, though the unfortunate process of reproduction tends to give them the appearance of well-executed oleographs. Especially admirable as illustrating the effects of artistic arrangement in a small space is the picture of Mr. Spooner's Hammer-smith garden facing page 8, and equally worthy of remark is the painting reproduced on page 128, "Rhododendrons, Upper Pleasure Ground, Moor Park," which is a model of bold and brilliant grouping.

It remains to be said in conclusion that, in spite of the composite nature of the work, the text has not been made subservient to the illustrations. On the contrary, both are wedded in happy harmony.

Library of St. Francis de Sales. (1) *Mystical Explanation of the Canticles.* (2) *Depositions of St. Jane Frances de Chantal on the Canonisation.* (Burns and Oates, n.p.)

THIS is a badly bound, badly Englished book, and arranged in the wrong order. The Depositions, showing as they do a sincere, holy, and intelligent life, would have inclined readers to accept the desiccating comments upon Solomon with less wincing. A man who, when his bread and cheese is about to be confiscated, smiles and says, God be praised ! and concludes that, if his temporal support is taken away, it is a message to him to rely more upon the spiritual, a man who takes off his undervest to warm a seedy and

shivering schoolmaster, if such things are known, assuredly will be listened to politely whatever line he takes, even on the Canticles. It is not wonderful that the loveliest of love songs should attract St. Francis. It attracted Origen, who so impressed the mind of Christendom with its mystic meaning, that a mere list of allegorising Fathers would fill an article, and the heading of the chapters in the Authorised Version still gives the general drift of them all, from Theodore to Alcuin and from St. Athanasius to Aquinas, and greatest of them all, in this matter, St. Bernard of Clairvaux. This poet Father never concealed from himself or his hearers that the love imagery was love imagery. In fact, he gloried in it and its self-sufficiency :

Amor præter se non requiri causam, non fructum. Fructus ejus usus ejus. Amo, quia amo ; amo ut amem.

It was passion and union still, although transferred to a higher plane. If the original poet wrote :

Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep, that are even shorn, which came up from the washing ; whereof every one bear twins and none is barren among them,

St. Bernard sees the white flash of innocence and a great deal of general radiance which belongs more to teeth than to wool. St. Francis de Sales

Never studied any one's face to find out whether he or she was handsome or ugly, and when they had gone away he could not have told you the least what they were like.

This is counted unto him for chastity, and if it is true, he must have distinguished folk by dog-like sniffs or by listening to their voices. Anyhow it does not make for good note upon the Canticles. His comment is :

The senses should be kept as it were imprisoned, like the teeth behind the lips, like sheep newly washed, and their twins, that is, the perceptive and appetitive faculties, must be under control and regulated.

So he tries to butcher the whole flock, and yet his commentary has less blood in it even than any yet written. That is useful possibly for nuns, and, unlike Neale's Sackville sermons, it will not provoke a smile, but Englishmen are too shy of mystical interpretations already, and this book will not mend matters. They plead unreasonably that the original intention of the poet was not on these lines. Yet surely Socrates was right when he said that original intentions of poets are nothing at all, and they work not by wisdom but by Divine afflatus ?

There was hardly one of the bystanders who could not give me a better account of the poem than the poet himself.

In expressing his passion then the poet always expresses more than he knows. It is therefore quite reasonable to say that one who writes the tenderest epithalamium is also writing the Marriage Song of the Lamb, whether he knew it or not. But to make this heavenly song into a dull moral exhortation, such as Mr. Casaubon would have indited to Dorothea, is not to read more into it than is fairly there, but very much less. It is not scented "with all the chief spices," and does not leave the spirit longing for the kisses of God. Yet because it is written by a worshipful and lovable man it is worth reading, for time passed with pure and simple souls is never really wasted. It is as cooling as fresh lettuce and about as nourishing. The truth is that it requires a poet to do work of this kind, and St. Francis de Sales was a prose saint in a prose period, and since many good people are themselves printed in prose, they will like the explication without a murmur.

The Pilgrim Fester. By A. E. J. LEGGE. (Lane.)

It is a little difficult to characterise this volume. It contains a poem somewhat original in design and somewhat conventional in development. It is satirical in spirit, but the thought underlying the satire receives but ineffective and confused expression. Satire, more than any other kind of literature, must be clear and definite alike in conception and utterance—"fundamental brain-work" is more necessary here than anywhere else. Notwithstanding an admirable vivacity and variety, it is on this point that the

poem, in our judgment, fails. "The Pilgrim Jester," after a brief apostrophe to his bauble in the nature of an explanatory aside, breaks twelve jests upon the wits of the conventional world, and, rather uncivilly, seldom awaits a retort. Our civilisation, faith, law, politics, and whole social system are his tilting-ground. He rides with due contempt over our dearest stupidities and most obstinate prejudices, but somehow it does not hurt more than the hoofs of a property-horse. Sometimes the satirist softens and becomes fatuous, as when the Pilgrim Jester cries to a musical comedy queen whom he has expensively entertained at supper :

And though this artificial side
Of life absorbs you with its hot-house pleasure,
I fancy Nature may not be denied,
And that a very human heart you hide
Like buried treasure.

Sometimes he is suspiciously unfair, as when he attacks a portly, respectable Dean with a medley of "modern" suggestions and a gibe at "the clumsy fable of Sin and Evil" (Indeed, indeed, Mr. Legge, it is no fable!), and denies him a reply.

Mr. Legge, in fact, takes himself a little more seriously than we can. The very imperfections of the verse here and there indicate an uneasiness of touch, a difficulty of speech upon important matters. Without unjustly depreciating his work, we would remind him that such a general impeachment as he attempts requires, besides a profound disgust at modern life, a no less profound perception of a better. . . . Let us end by wishing that he would give us more verses such as this, from "A Song of Conflict" :

Was it an opulent dream you chose,
Drugged with odours of poppy and rose?
Look to the hill where the beacon glows!
Saddle and ride!—when you hear the drum.

Ballad of a Great City, and other Poems. By DAVID LOWE. (New Age Press, 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. LOWE'S volume is notable inasmuch as it contains poetry which is not directly ascribable to the influence of Burns, or the inspiration of Burns Night dinners. Being a Scot, our poet cannot, of course, bring himself to eschew the Doric altogether. Like the rest of them, he must have his occasional howl "ben the hoose" :

O dinna gang hame, Balgoni,
The nicht's young, and lufe's lang;
O steerna a fit, Balgoni,
I'll sing a gloamin' sang.

For the Southron, at any rate, and from a literary point of view, there is no reason in the world why these lines should not have been writ as follows :

O go not home, Balgoni,
The night's young, and love's long;
O stir not a foot, Balgoni,
I'll sing a gloaming song.

Wherein lies the gain of spelling "home" "hame," "love" "luve," "foot" "fit," or "song" "sang" is not readily apparent. Possibly such an orthography tickles the Scottish ear. On the other hand, poetry should not be wholly a matter of Scottish ear-tickling. Mr. Lowe recognises this woeful (or is it "waefu"?) fact himself. And when he chooses to be unpatriotically and merely English he does very well :

O rowans hanging red
On the long, long road;
And rippling leaves o'erhead,
On the long, long road.
A hawk wings far above,
An eagle's on the move;
But fancy flies to Love
On the long, long road.
The shepherd guides his sheep
On the long, long road;
The fairies peer and peep
On the long, long road;

The golden sunlight dies,
A full-moon rules the skies;
And dreams of you arise
On the long, long road.

These stanzas, and there are others equally pretty in the book, go to show that Mr. Lowe can write the proper lyric when he is so minded. We think that it is upon the English pieces in the present collection that he is most to be congratulated. When he imitates "The king o' men" he fails. Why Scottish poets, as a body, insist upon imitating Burns we have never been able to understand, for they all do it so badly. The Southern poet who imitates Shakespeare is a rare bird, and usually has to put up with much ribald laughter. But every Scot that can compass a jingle fills you up with "Nannie O's" and "liltin's" and "loupin's" and "braw lassies" and "bonnie brids" till Reason rocks upon her throne; and the people of Scotland appear to like it. *Chacun à son goût.*

CORRESPONDENCE

STAGE ILLUSION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—We note with disgust the letter which Mr. Basil H. Watt, M.A. Edin. (late of His Majesty's Theatre, London; Principal Instructor at the Leeds College of Dramatic Art, inaugurated by Miss Ellen Terry), has sent upon Stage Illusion; not only because he talks twaddle from beginning to end, but because he takes the opportunity of being excessively rude to *The Mask* and all its contributors without any motive.

Now, as he has been so rude to *The Mask* we do not trouble to choose our words in replying to him. The "soft answer that turneth away wrath" would be lost upon him. He is not a "wrathful" man, but an ignorant one, and as such we wish to draw attention to his ignorance. He is one of the people that *The Mask* exists to destroy, and we shall now destroy him within the next ten minutes. See how he begins his letter. It is with "gratification that he notes *THE ACADEMY*'s very sensible remarks on some of *The Mask*'s antics."

Here he is not merely ignorant; he is vindictive. We see him rubbing his hands with "gratification," and with raised eyebrows approving "*THE ACADEMY*'s very sensible observations"—as if *THE ACADEMY* were generally in the habit of making foolish observations.

THE ACADEMY had been kind enough to notice a very short article wherein the writer, Mr. Paul Cooper, spoke of the barbarous custom of painting the face, and how unnecessary it had now become, with gas and electric light at the disposal of the stage-manager.

This is an opinion which has been expressed by very many people, but Mr. Basil H. Watt, M.A. Edin. (late of His Majesty's Theatre, London; Principal Instructor at the Leeds College of Dramatic Art, inaugurated by Miss Ellen Terry), finds that painting the face is something to do with what he calls "slowly progressing art." (We trust that the progress in art of the "Principal Instructor at the Leeds College of Dramatic Art, inaugurated by Miss Ellen Terry," will not for the future be too slow.)

But to return to the question of painting the face on the stage. The writers in *The Mask* may surely be permitted to hold an opinion on such a subject, and those who disagree with them to hold a different opinion, and both may be allowed to express it in public.

The more there is written about the stage the better; but for a man who professes to come from His Majesty's Theatre in London, and to be Principal Instructor of a College for Dramatic Art, which was inaugurated by Miss Ellen Terry, to show bad temper because the opinions of a certain group of artists differ from his and find expression in *The Mask*, to attack the whole group of writers in that journal, to speak of the "absurd and irritating excesses of its material format," "the addle-pated rebellion of the views it is setting forth," "its projects, rejecting with lofty scorn the outcome of centuries of slowly progressing art," its "incongruous and vague medley of unripe idea," to do all this in a letter to the Editor of *THE ACADEMY*, and to have the audacity to insinuate that he has the approval of Miss Ellen Terry and of His Majesty's Theatre, is nothing short of dangerous—dangerous to himself, for let us consider who contribute this "vague medley of unripe idea." Up to the present the following have, among others, contributed to *The Mask*: Mr. Beerbohm Tree, of His Majesty's Theatre (of which Mr. Watt is the "late"), Miss Ellen Key (of Stockholm), Signor Tommaso Salvini, the late Mr. E. W. Godwin, Mr. Sidney Grundy, Mr. Alesander

Hevesi, M. Antoine, M. André Beaunier, Mr. Arthur Symons, Mr. Edward Hutton, and Mr. Gordon Craig.

The writings have also been quoted of such men as Plato, Aristotle, Goethe, Wagner, Blake, Lessing, Nietzsche, Professor Skeat, Sir John Hare, M. Jules Lemaitre, John Davidson, Heijermans, and Madame Eleonora Duse.

Contributions for future numbers have been promised by Miss Ellen Terry, M. Jean Jacques Olivier, Mr. Haldane Macfall, M. Willem Royaards, Miss Isadora Duncan, M. Hugo v. Hofmannsthal, and many others.

Are these the authorities of whom Mr. Basil H. Watt, M.A. Edin., etc., disapproves when he speaks of "the rebellion of the views which the journal sets forth" and of "its unripe idea" Suicide Sheer suicide! Mr. Watt rushed headlong into the muddle by himself. Having got into it, he thought to make his escape by the announcement that he is "late of His Majesty's Theatre" and "Principal Instructor at the Leeds College of Dramatic Art, inaugurated by Miss Ellen Terry;" but that is like a foolish bird which, having rashly entered a room, tries to escape by the plate-glass window, and dashes its head upon that transparent danger.

JOHN SEMAR.

*The Mask, 2 Lung' Arno Acciaiuoli,
Florence, Italy, July 28, 1908.*

SUFFRAGITIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Phew! Through errors of my own and errors of your printer I am delivered over bound hand and foot this week to the enemy, if they like to take advantage of it. I owe an apology to start with to Mr. Cobden-Sanderson. Until that shrill man can muster up courage enough to go to prison for awhile and thus obtain a number, his name is undoubtedly T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, and not J. T. Nor should I have implied that Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence didn't stop very long in Black Maria. Of course, she stopped as long there as any of her seven objectionable colleagues. It was when they reached Holloway that she and Mrs. Montefiore showed such an alacrity to get out. Now for your printer's blunder. "Pheros," of course, should read "Pharos," and Sir William Bell should read Sir William Bull. Also, although perhaps I know "little Latin and less Greek," with perhaps a minimum of English, I certainly didn't mistranslate and misquote Persius's *Satires* in the extraordinary manner imputed to me, but wrote this—"Mumbling mad-dog silence and balancing words on the pivot of their shot-out lip (*Murmure cum secum et rabiosa silentia rodunt, Atque exprorecto trulinantur verba labello.*)"

ARCH. G.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your printer has rather unkindly misprinted a word in my letter of last week, giving an unliterary ring to the last sentence, which should have read—"It would be undoubtedly interesting to your readers if Miss Pankhurst could be persuaded to reveal the identity of the person who gave her this amazing information."

I notice that an attempt is being made to prove that injustice has been meted out to the Suffragettes by comparing their punishment with that inflicted on male rioters at Winchester and Oxford. Such pleaders evidently forget that these offences à la Pankhurst are part of a deliberate and prolonged campaign of law-breaking, while, of course, rioting in Parliament Square with the idea of intimidating Ministers is a much more serious affair than rioting in a provincial town.

Your correspondent's suggestion that the male Suffragettes should now act up to the convictions they so loudly profess opens up amusing possibilities. The spectacle of Keir Hardie gallantly engaging a constable in single combat, what time Bernard Shaw took round the hat, would be immensely popular.

C. O.

[Our printers assure us of their regret that these errors referred to by our correspondents were made.—ED.]

TWENTY FOOLISH WOMEN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—After Mr. Sam. Johnson's letter we must alter the noun in the title, though it appears that we need not touch either of the adjectives.

Malgré her righteous indignation (that is the feminine of ridiculous rage, I think), Miss Ethel M. Spencer can still afford to flatter. "May I suggest," she asks, without the note of interrogation, "it is not impossible that your judgment is infallible."

Either this is a very good compliment, or it is shockingly bad grammar. Is there really in Miss Spencer's letter anything compelling us to the less charitable conclusion?

Mr. Johnson's tender little note is marred by an error of which you do not speak. He writes of a "quantity" of votes; but, surely, "number" is the proper word. "Quantity" is a cheese-weighting term, eloquent of the shopkeeping type of mind, whose daily meal costs no more than a halfpenny. In a sense, perhaps, the word is admissible in connection with votes. "Number" has a certain quality of individuality, whereas votes have, as a rule, no quality at all.

Your correspondents retort like spoilt children to your wise reproof. The truth is the truth, however unpalatable, and unless these persons are foolish every whit (instead of in one particular) they will strive to profit by the rebuke. *Per se*, there is no harm in such competitions; but when they turn a wayfaring nation into the perilous bypaths which lead only to the Castle of Giant Despair at last it is time to protest. When we began teaching our youngsters to read we hoped we had set their feet in the way by which they would reach the "realms of gold," and it is sad if they turn aside to view the silver-mine of Demas. Demas may be an engaging fellow and the mine very interesting, but we waste time if we tarry there, and in the end are apt to come to grief. There is nothing in all the world more pitiable than an illiterate old man. He has no memories but such as tend to make his sunset hours more cloudy and dark. No trumpet-notes from the world's great ones resound in his ears; he does not see the Presence "whose dwelling is the light of setting suns." He started well, but has wandered into Bypath Meadow, or has been led aside by them who have the charge of Vanity Fair.

All this is no rhetoric, but harsh fact. Old-age without knowledge of the world's best literature is a saddening thing—"a snake-like life of dull decay," as Byron puts it.

An early taste for the best literature will (other things being equal) ensure a calm and happy old age; but how can such a taste be developed if we devote the best part of our lives to trivial and unworthy things? Conventional religion gives no real satisfaction in the evening of our days. We need that higher, unceremonial, uneclesiastical religion of which the great poets are the high priests, understanding which—

the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

J. B. WALLIS.

Castle Hill Road, Duffield, near Derby, August 1, 1908.

TRAHERNE'S "CENTURIES OF MEDITATIONS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue for August 1st your critic has dealt so ably and so appreciatively with the author's part of the above work that I am quite willing to accept in a chastened spirit all that he has to say of myself as Traherne's editor. Since he accepts my estimate of Traherne as one of the greatest theological writers of the seventeenth century, I am quite content that he should properly castigate my editorial indiscretions. I should like, however, to be allowed to say a few words, not of controversy but of explanation.

Your critic says that there is no possible point of contact between the "Imitatio" and Traherne's "Meditations." This surely is too absolute an assertion. They have at least this in common—that they are both devotional works, the object of which is to point out the pathway to spirituality of mind and a life of blessedness. The methods of the two writers are different; but their aims, allowing for their different positions and different characters, are much alike. The "Imitatio," says your critic, is "a popular devotional work addressed to the whole Christian world," while the "Centuries" "is addressed primarily to those who have entered upon the inner path of enlightenment." Yet, with all deference to your critic's opinion, I cannot help thinking that the appeal of the "Centuries" is not less universal than that of the "Imitatio." Although there are, no doubt, many deep things in it which cannot be immediately apprehended, but need some little time and study for their comprehension, there is yet quite enough matter in it which needs no profound intellect to appreciate, and which the plain man will have no difficulty in understanding.

My object in comparing the two works was not to depreciate the "Imitatio," but only to bring out as strongly as possible the special qualities of the "Centuries" by contrasting them with those of the earlier work. How, indeed, save by the method of comparison and contrast, are we in any case to display the qualities of any particular work? Did the "Centuries" differ as much as your critic thinks it does from the "Imitatio," it would still be quite allowable to show by way of illustration in what manner the one

differs from the other. To show in what manner Shelley differs from Pope is not necessarily to depreciate the latter. However, as my words seem to have led your critic to think that I had a deliberate intention to depreciate the "Imitatio," it may be that I did not express myself on this point so carefully as I should have done; and so far I am willing to allow that his view may be right and my own wrong.

Let me conclude by again expressing my sense of the insight and discrimination which your critic has displayed in his appreciation of the great qualities of Traherne's work.

BERTRAM DOBELL.

GOETHE AT ASSISI

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I be permitted to recommend the writer of the article (August 1st) on Signor Placci's "In Automobile" to refresh his memory of Goethe's "Letters from Italy" by a reperusal of them? It may probably prevent him from ever again saying that Goethe "regarded it" (that is, scenery) "chiefly from the geological point of view." It is doubtful if a more baseless statement was ever, or could ever, be made. Never had man a mind more open to every kind of intellectual impression than had Goethe, and never had Nature or Art a truer or more enlightened votary. But he was not one of your modern writers who have, by hook or by crook, to complete their tale of so many pages or of so many lines. Again, I would direct your critic to his letters, advising him to read every one of them attentively. But he will find enough in what Goethe writes from Munster (October 3rd, 1777) to put on the white sheet of the penitent, if he will take what is there expressed as the keynote of all that Goethe has to say when in the presence of Nature anywhere. "The passage through this defile raised in me a grand but *calm* emotion." (The italics are mine in making these extracts.) "The sublime produces a beautiful *calmness* in the soul, which, entirely possessed by it, *feels as great as it ever can feel*." (Where's your geologist, your chiefly geologist, now?) "How glorious is such a pure feeling, when it rises to the very highest, *without overflowing*. When we compare such a feeling with that we are sensible of, when we laboriously harass ourselves with some trifles, and strain every nerve to gain as much as possible for it, and, as it were, to patch it out, striving to furnish joy and aliment to the mind from its own creation; we then feel sensibly what a poor expedient, after all, the latter is." "If only destiny had bidden me to dwell in the midst of some grand scenery, then would I every morning have imbibed greatness from its grandeur, as from a lonely valley I would extract patience and repose."

At the time he was at Assisi he was fresh from the study of Palladio and Volckmann, and twice he refers to his then propensities—"being an architect," and "especially all architects." But the lover of Nature is not buried beneath the enthusiast for art. It never was, nor ever could be, in such a man as Goethe. "It was a beautiful evening, and I now turned to descend the mountain." "I was delighted again to be alone with Nature and myself. The road to Foligno was one of the most beautiful and agreeable walks that I ever took. For full four hours I walked along the mountain side, having on my left a richly cultivated valley." "I wished to see the country at any cost, and even if I must be dragged to Rome on Ixion's wheel, I shall not complain." Alas! how your critic has blundered from not confirming his quotations, or, in this case, his recollections.

J. J. R.

"REVEREND" SOCIALISTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—According to one of the papers, quite a conspicuous feature of the Haggerston election was the support given to the Socialist candidate by a number of young curates who went about wearing the Socialist favours and canvassing for him; also the implied advocacy of Canon Scott Holland, who sent him a motor-car.

In case any of these gentlemen may be readers of THE ACADEMY, I should like to draw attention to "The Ethics of Socialism" and "The Religion of Socialism," by Mr. Belford Bax, whose cynical indifference to the Christian faith and contemptuous tolerance of it as a private superstition, permissible until we are all converted to the rational dogmatism of the sectarian scientist, may be rather a surprise to those well-meaning but short-sighted priests who think that the Guild of St. Matthew will leaven the Socialist mass.

As a Christian Socialist whose letter appeared in THE ACADEMY some little time ago was not ashamed to confess his ignorance of Mr. Bax's works, it might be well to point out that this writer is by far the ablest exponent of Socialism, and consequently its greatest intellectual force, in England to-day; and he is the only one who has attempted (in the current *Fortnightly*) to repel Dr. Crozier's attack on the fallacies of Karl Marx, the other defenders

of Socialism having shirked this issue by pretending, to the somewhat scornful amusement of Mr. Bax, that Marx's theories are obsolete.

E. D. L.

August 4, 1908.

AMERICAN ETHICS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—THE ACADEMY recently contained some very pertinent remarks about Americans and the peculiar code of honour obtaining in their enlightened country. The following extract from the *Westminster Gazette* may be of interest to your readers, as affording support to the views you have expressed:

LYNCHING HORRORS IN AMERICA

MOB FIRED ON: 3 KILLED

A NEGRO BURNED AT THE STAKE

Pensacola (Florida), July 30.—A mob attacked the gaol yesterday evening for the purpose of lynching a negro who was accused of assaulting a white woman.

The sheriff and his deputies fired on the mob and repulsed it, killing three persons and wounding a score.

Later on the mob reassembled, overpowered the sheriff, and took the negro out of prison. Having hanged the alleged offender on a tree, they riddled the body with bullets, and then dispersed.—Reuter.

The *Telegraph's* New York correspondent says a seventeen-year-old negro boy, named Ted Smith, after assaulting the daughter of a Texas farmer named Delaney, was publicly burned at a stake under characteristic circumstances at Greenville, near Fort Worth, on Tuesday. On Monday afternoon, while the father was ploughing and the mother was out visiting, the daughter Viola, who was sixteen years old, started for a rural letter-box, 300 yards away. Smith saw her, chased her, attacked her, and decamped. The girl ran home and gave the alarm, and soon 500 men were searching the woods for that negro. The officers of the law finally found him and took him to gaol at three o'clock on Tuesday morning.

The news that the negro was in prison soon leaked out on Tuesday, and by eight in the morning quite 6,000 people gathered outside the gates. The officers tried their best to save the prisoner's life, and two local magistrates delivered speeches promising that the negro would be tried, and that if convicted he would be executed before dusk. But this did not satisfy the crowd. They demanded that the sheriff should send the negro to the girl's home to see if she could identify him. A dozen officers started out with Smith, and arrived at Delaney's house, where the girl established her assailant's identity. Upon the return, and at the prison doors, the crowd pressed forward, overpowered the officers, captured the negro, and bore him away in triumph. They threw a rope round his neck and began to drag him towards the public square. They then tied him to a stake, piled cordwood round him, saturated both with kerosene oil, and set light to the pile. The flames shot up several yards, and, amid shouts of joy from men, women, and children, Smith uttered screams of agony until death silenced him. After less than ten minutes only a few charred bones remained.

Our British humanitarians work themselves into a frenzy of indignation over "Congo Cruelties," "Jewish Persecutions," and the flogging of hardened criminals; whilst Mr. Swift McNeill, M.P., sheds maudlin tears over the sufferings of imprisoned "hooliganettes" whose feminine vanity is galled by having to wear ill-fitting shoes!—but these "humanitarians" maintain a discreet silence born of cowardice at the perpetration of barbarous acts of the nature detailed in the foregoing item of news.

The violation of a woman is a terrible deed; but what verdict can be passed on the "Great American nation" whose code of morals protects the sanctity of the sex by the violation of the Sixth Commandment? Unless Christianity be a lie, then in the Day "when all things shall be made manifest" the agonised cries of those negroes will reverberate in the ears of the participants in the scene of their hideous death.

HERMANN ERSKINE,

15 Grosvenor Road, Westminster, August 5, 1908.

THE BISHOP'S MARCH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—From his letter in the current number of your paper Mr. Hermann Erskine appears to have the same mediæval and (may I not add?) mistaken idea of the duties and functions of a Bishop as has been so prejudicial to the spiritual and moral progress of our Church during the past centuries. His contention that because the leaders of the Salvation Army and of the Nonconformist bodies are fighting drunkenness and sin in the open, both

by direct attack and by fulminations and exhortations on the platform, it is "indecorous in a Church dignitary" like the Bishop of London to follow their example. The practical experience of the Church has shown that there is much in the methods of other Christian bodies which is worthy of being imitated by our Church, and which, when imitated, has been found to be equally suitable for both Church and Chapel alike. I would only instance social gatherings and outdoor preaching.

No one will deny that Archbishop Thomas à Becket and Cardinal Wolsey would have scorned "to head a midnight march" or to address a demonstration on such a subject as the Licensing Bill. The one sacrificed his life for the supposed rights and privileges of the Church, and the other "possessed great riches" and was housed and attended with more pomp and state than his own Sovereign; and both thus contributed to their downfall and death by ignoring the very plain commands and striking example of the Saviour in Whose Name they worked and taught. Such men were not "humble and holy men of heart;" they confined their efforts almost exclusively to the rich, instead of "going out in all the world to teach and preach salvation," and "to save those which were lost."

It has long been a common reproach of our Episcopacy that while our Lord was content to go afoot, or on special occasions to bestride an ass, His servants (the Bishops of the Church) required a carriage and pair; although He had no funds and no home, the Bishops had large incomes, town houses, and country palaces; and although He worked and taught uninterruptedly, if necessary day and night, the Bishops, as a rule, took things easily in their luxurious homes, and people in need of comfort and advice were kept away by their hired servants; nor did they (the Bishops) arrange their engagements on the lines of a too strenuous life. This state of things was the direct heritage of centuries from the time of the proud prelates above mentioned, and it is not surprising, therefore, to find some at the present day who stand aghast when the Bishop of London and a few of his colleagues, rending the trammels of tradition and scorning to consider what the people may think or say, simply ask themselves, "What would the Saviour do?" and go and do likewise. They show how the Church, founded nearly nineteen hundred years ago, now again preaches Christ crucified and repentance as their message of salvation. The "greatness" of the Church is such that it increases rather than diminishes where its leaders thus realise their duty to the masses as well as to the classes, and regards both as belonging to the one Church, founded once for all on the Rock of Ages.

Some may say that the Bishops should leave such work as the evangelisation of the people and the amelioration of their lot to their assistant-priests, but I would point out that such things were not left by our Saviour to His Apostles, and great attacks are most successful when the leaders head the charge in person. It is stated that had Napoleon led the Old Guard in person the issue at Waterloo would probably have been reversed. It was this same proud and autocratic attitude of the Bishops as Mr. Erskine advocates now, which caused Wesley and his followers to leave the Church a century ago. It is the more Christlike and conciliatory attitude of the Church to-day which gained souls for Him by taking an interest in their material and social happiness, as well as in their spiritual welfare.

So far from it being "indecorous" in our Bishop to strive, as Christ Himself strove, for those committed to his keeping, I would say that it is deplorable that his lordship's example and that of Dr. Knox are not followed by the rest of the "chief shepherds and Bishops of our souls." The drunken and immoral of Liverpool, Edinburgh, Portsmouth, and other great cities would possibly be reached and won if Christ's principal servants in those parts would themselves go out into the highways and by-ways and "compel them to come in." There are other seaside resorts besides Blackpool where the indifferent congregate and where brothels abound, but which of our Bishops goes to preach Christ crucified to the trippers at such places, although the opportunity is unique? There are also 60,000 migrants each September to the hopfields of England, but which of our Bishops has followed them with the message of salvation and hope?

Our Lord Jesus Christ founded His religion by what Mr. Erskine calls "vulgarising" it, and His teaching and example were both on the same lines throughout His life. It is, in fact, the similarity of so many of our Bishops and clergy of the present time to the Scribes and Pharisees of old time which checks and clogs the progress of the Church among the people.

If the principal rôle of our Bishops is to sustain the "dignity" of the Church, I would, in conclusion, ask Mr. Erskine why our cathedral towns are the most immoral, and why the society of a Cathedral Close is so eclectic, exclusive, and un-Christian?

THOS. E. SEDGWICK.

St. Stephen's Vicarage, 81 East India Dock Road,
Poplar, E., August 6, 1908.

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POETRY

Wood, Frederick Barnes. *Songs of Manhood*. Routledge, 5s.

EDUCATIONAL

Gregory, J. W. *Geography: Educational, Physical, and Comparative*. Blackie, 6s. net.

Bridgett, R. C. *Blackie's Elementary Modern Algebra*. Blackie, 1s. 6d.

FICTION

Lilburn, Adam. *Rose Campion's Platonic*. Greening, 6s.

Goodman, G. S. *A Mysterious Abduction*. Greening, 6s.

Wales, Hubert. *The Old Allegiance*. Long, 6s.

Bullock, Shan F. *A Laughing Matter*. Werner Laurie, 6s.

Delannoy, Burford. *The Scales of Justice*. Digby Long, 6s.

Dean Ellis. *His Wife*. Digby Long, 6s.

Bowden, H. Park. *Drama in Mid-Air*. Ouseley, 1s.

Weyman, Stanley J. *The Wild Geese*. Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

Blyth, James. *Amazement*. Long, 1s. net.

Hugo, Victor. *Ninety-three*. Nelson, 7d. net.

Scott, Sir Walter. *Waverley*. Nelson, 7d. net.

Westward Ho! Rendered into Modern English by Charles Kingsley. Macmillan, 1s. net.

Johnston, Mary. *Audrey*. Constable, 6d.

Tynan, Katharine. *That Sweet Enemy*. Constable, 6d.

James, Winifred. *Bachelor Betty*. Constable, 6d.

Kinglake, A. W. *Eothen*. Nelson, 6d.

Ollivant, Alfred. *Owd Bob*. Nelson, 7d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Sparrow, W. Shaw. *Old England*. Eveleigh Nash, 24s. net.

Suthers, R. B. *Common Objections to Socialism Answered*. The Clarion Press, 1s. net.

Meynier, Victor. *France and Germany*. Swan Sonnenschein, 2s. *The Choral Works of John Sebastian Bach*. Novello.

The Aldermen of the City of London. With Notes by the Rev. Alfred B. Beaven. Eden Fisher.

Shaw, Bernard. *The Common Sense of Municipal Trading*. Fifield, 6d. net.

Reports on the Geodetic Survey of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony. Executed by Colonel Sir W. G. Morris. With a Preface and Introduction by Sir David Gill. Harrison and Sons.

Woods, H. C. *Washed by Four Seas*. Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d. net.

Fea, Allan. *James II. and his Wives*. Methuen, 12s. 6d. net.

Dictionary of Quotations (French). By Thomas Benfield Harbottle and Colonel Philip.

Molière. A New Translation by Curtis Hidde Page. With an Introduction by Brander Matthews. In Two Vols. Putnam.

Watson, W. G. Willis. *History of Woodspring Priory*. Weston-super-Mare : Lawrence, 1s.

Norris, H. L. *Chinaside*. The "Western Morning News," 1s. 6d.

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